Saturday Review

August 6, 1966 35¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHAT ARE THE UNIDENTIFIED AERIAL OBJECTS?

By John Lear

"Nassau," by Winslow Homer (See page 39)

REFLECTIONS ON THE GREAT SOCIETY

By Charles Malik

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now and then has thoughts that are
frankly romantic. Such as:
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to us as a nation and to Central National as a bank.
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are practical rather than romantic.
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not to money symbols.
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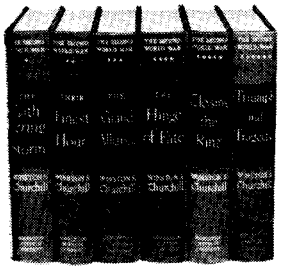

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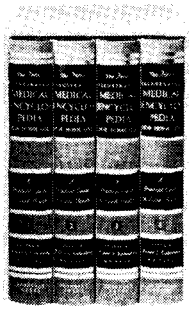

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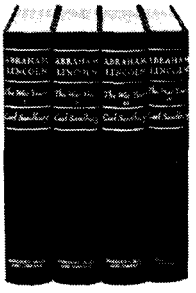

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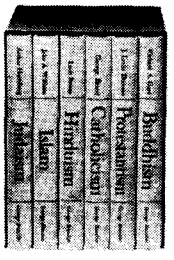

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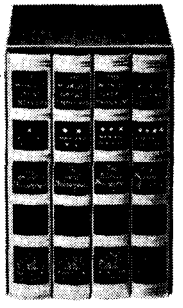

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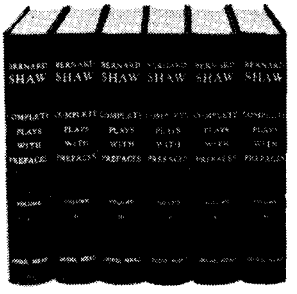

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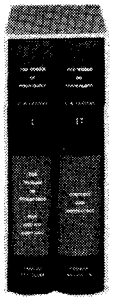

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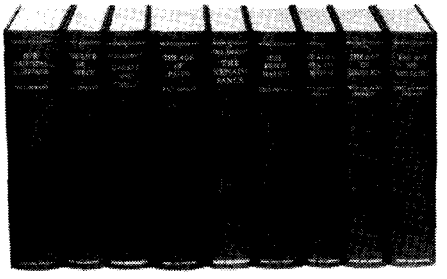

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(Advertisement)

Goodman Ace's new book, in case you've missed the last ten columns in which he's plugged it, is *The Fine Art of Hypochondria.* Taken internally, this quick acting remedy gives fast fast fast relief for what ails you.

What ails me is imaginary (I hope) illnesses. You name them, I've got them. You can't name them. I've got an aggravated case. Me, suffer? Well . . . every editor sends each author a sheet to fill out, so that the publisher will know how to spell the author's name, where he was born, how to misaddress the royalty checks, etc. But try asking Ace questions.

(The public is always interested in the lives of authors, their writing habits, etc. Please tell us any stories, etc.) "You are mistaken. None of my friends has ever asked me 'What are your writing habits, etc?' My only habit is to take a pill before going to the typewriter, to awaken me cerebrally, the doctor says. Some mornings it is so ineffectual I can't remember whether I took it." *(What other writing are you engaged in?)* "*SR* pieces, the Perry Como TV show, and letters to a sister of mine who lives in Oklahoma City. I think she is an Indian."

(Do you lecture?) "No, although I've received offers for as high as fifty dollars a lecture." *(Please send a photograph. Bear in mind that pictures are for newspaper reproduction. Clear, sharp lines are important. Pictures of a pipe-smoking gentleman or a lady seated at a typewriter are no longer unusual.)* "I think you are mistaken about a pipe-smoking lady seated at a typewriter not being unusual. All the latest portraits show my face with clear, sharp lines. I do have some X-rays. My doctor touches them up, saving me thousands of dollars in operations."

But as a final placebo, the book also includes choice remarks from Jane Ace, the Mother Malapropper of us all. It was she who taught me the value of being a "ragged individualist." Since the Easy Aces, she has been my idyll.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Fine Art of Hypochondria or How Are You ($3.95), by Goodman Ace, is perfect for any sick friend or one who wants to be sick. It is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 10005.

Saturday Review

August 6, 1966

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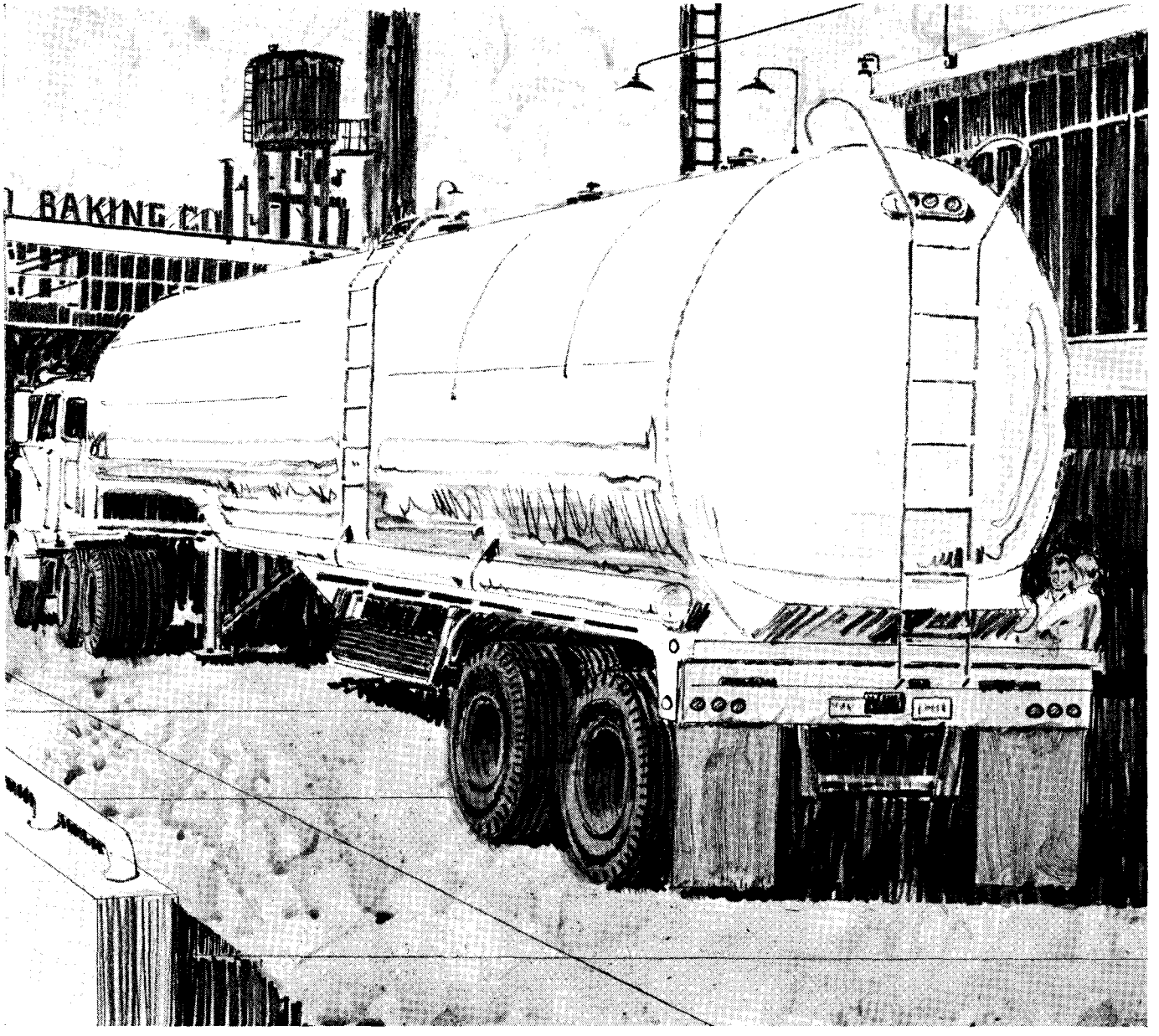

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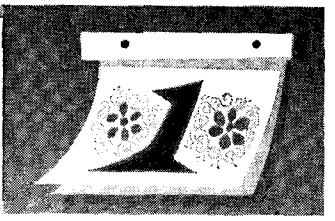
First of the Month



JULY was the month of air-war "criminals" and airline strikes, of Gemini 10 and the British pound, of "Black Power" and the Pittsburgh Pirates, of Frank and Mia and Pat and Luci, of Justice Douglas and his fourth wife and Daniel Overmyer and his Fourth Network.

• • •

Even before the announcement that Mr. Overmyer, a building executive of Greenwich, Connecticut, was going to start a Fourth Network, came the announcement that, having taken out $20,000,000 worth of insurance, Overmyer was "the most heavily insured man alive."

There was plenty of criticism in financial circles about this announcement—name-dropping in the insurance business being as taboo as, well, stating amounts or individual records. Now that Overmyer is in television, however, we suppose all is forgiven. For in TV, of course, name-dropping is not only not taboo, it's the name of the game.

It took, incidentally, twenty-eight life insurance companies to share the risk of insuring Mr. Overmyer—despite the fact that he was described as, at forty-one, "in the pink."

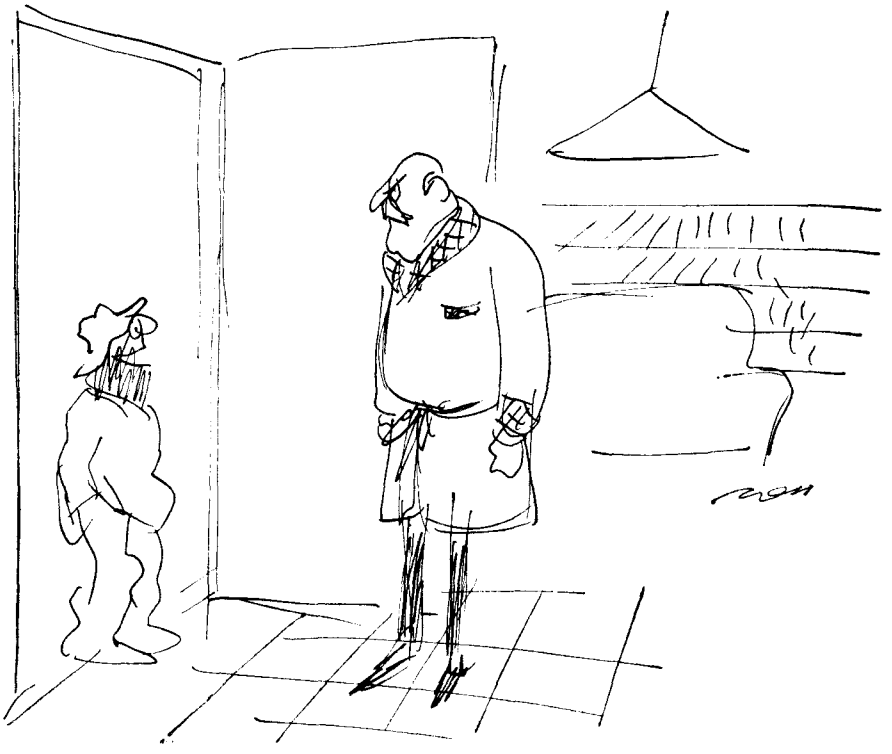
Elsewhere, however, the insurance picture was mixed. Just a month ago, you may recall, a young Italian girl working in West Germany wanted to take out insurance against losing her virginity. Won, too—or rather won in the sense that she got a company to agree to sell her a policy. A Peruvian company it was, one which made a kind of international triangle out of the deal—Italy, Germany, and Peru, all with a stake in showing that there are still *some* standards left.

On the other hand, when a Sicilian father in north Italy asked for a $1,600 policy on the chastity of his sixteen-year-old daughter, who was going to work as a domestic, *he* was turned down. By Lloyd's of London, mind you.

This girl also was going to West Germany. However you look at it, there must be a lot going on over there besides just the recovery.

• • •

The Gallup poll reported during the month the disquieting news that half the population of the United States had



"Ha! Trailed you to your lair!"

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Sightseers at Cape Kennedy

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People who like offbeat outings may someday spend their vacations cruising in space. When that time comes, they no doubt will depend on Rand McNally in many ways, just as vacationers do now.

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never read a book. Also, in another poll, taken by the National Opinion Research Center of Chicago, more than 70 per cent of 1,471 adults polled were unable to identify the Vietcong. (Washington obviously often has the same difficulty.)

Of the ones in that poll who did identify the Vietcong, 29 per cent said they were "the South Vietnamese Communists," and 3.9 per cent said they were "the government we are supporting." Well, sometimes it seems that way, but so it goes. Perhaps the only answer to the whole thing is to have someone write a book about the Vietcong and then read it to that half of our population that hasn't yet read a book. As for that 3.9 per cent—we'd *throw* the book at them.

• • •

Elsewhere on the Vietnam front, we saw where the Department of the Army has introduced a brand-new weapon. It looks harmless enough—merely "an accordion-type cylinder which has a wire mesh hooked up to an electric amplifier." But what this instrument is—well, the Army calls it an "Insect Personnel Detector." And what these *insects* are—well, not to beat around the bush, they're *bedbugs*.

According to the official report, here's the way the device works. Four to six bedbugs are carried inside it. A U.S. soldier, walking along "heavy underbrush," points the detector ahead of him, squeezing it "like an accordion" to pull inside "air and odors." As the bedbugs inside smell humans, they become "highly active," and into a headset carried by the soldier comes the "amplified noise" of "the scraping of their movement on the sensitive wire mesh."

Col. Robert W. McEvoy, commanding officer of the Army's Limited War Laboratory, admitted that his bedbug machine had one drawback. "A soldier carrying the detector," he said, "must have the wind blowing toward him to carry the scent of humans ahead into a small piece of plastic tubing which carries air to the bugs." This same tubing, he explained, prevents "blood-hungry bugs from getting a sniff of their master or friendly troops behind."

For those of us back on the home front, the implication is clear. Our country has called. In World War II it called for scrap. Different wars, different problems. For this war, obviously, we need bugs. Look around your house or apartment. If you find you have any bugs you can spare, you know what to do.

Don't send them to us. Send them to Washington—to the Limited War Laboratory, Washington, D.C. It may be a hard thing to admit that, in a home like yours, you *have* bedbugs. But once you've admitted it, there's no reason not to send them.

• • •

Another invention during the month was, of all things, an "endless" loaf of bread. Peter Booras, an inventor from Keene, New Hampshire, came up with a brand-new bakery apparatus which will be able, it was asserted, "to produce a continuous bar of bread, around the clock, with never a crust."

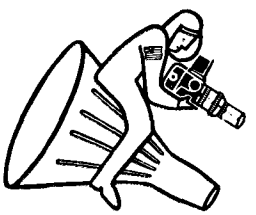
"As the dough is extruded," the report went on, "it rises instantly and is shaped by the belts of a conveyor." As for the baking and browning – well, these are done "as the dough passes on the conveyor through an electric field between metal plates."

Somehow, as we thought about this invention, we began thinking that now that we have endless bread, all we need are endless circuses—and then we'll have everything. Remember *panem et circenses*, that good old phrase which the wealthy Roman politicians used to describe as being all that was necessary to keep the populace in line and the barbarians from the gates?

Well, what are we waiting for? Of course, we realize endless circuses may not be as easy to come by as endless bread. After all, you can't put a *circus* on an assembly line and run it through an electric field between metal plates.

You *can't*? Wait a minute! What about *television*? Maybe the endless circuses are already *here* and we don't even know it. The next time you're looking at television, you'll see. Those endless commercials, those endless reruns—*re*runs—*are* on an assembly line. And between metal plates, too.

—Cleveland Amory.



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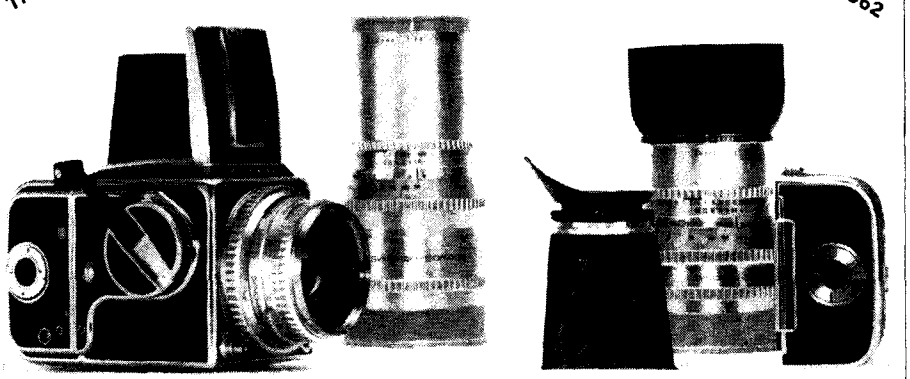

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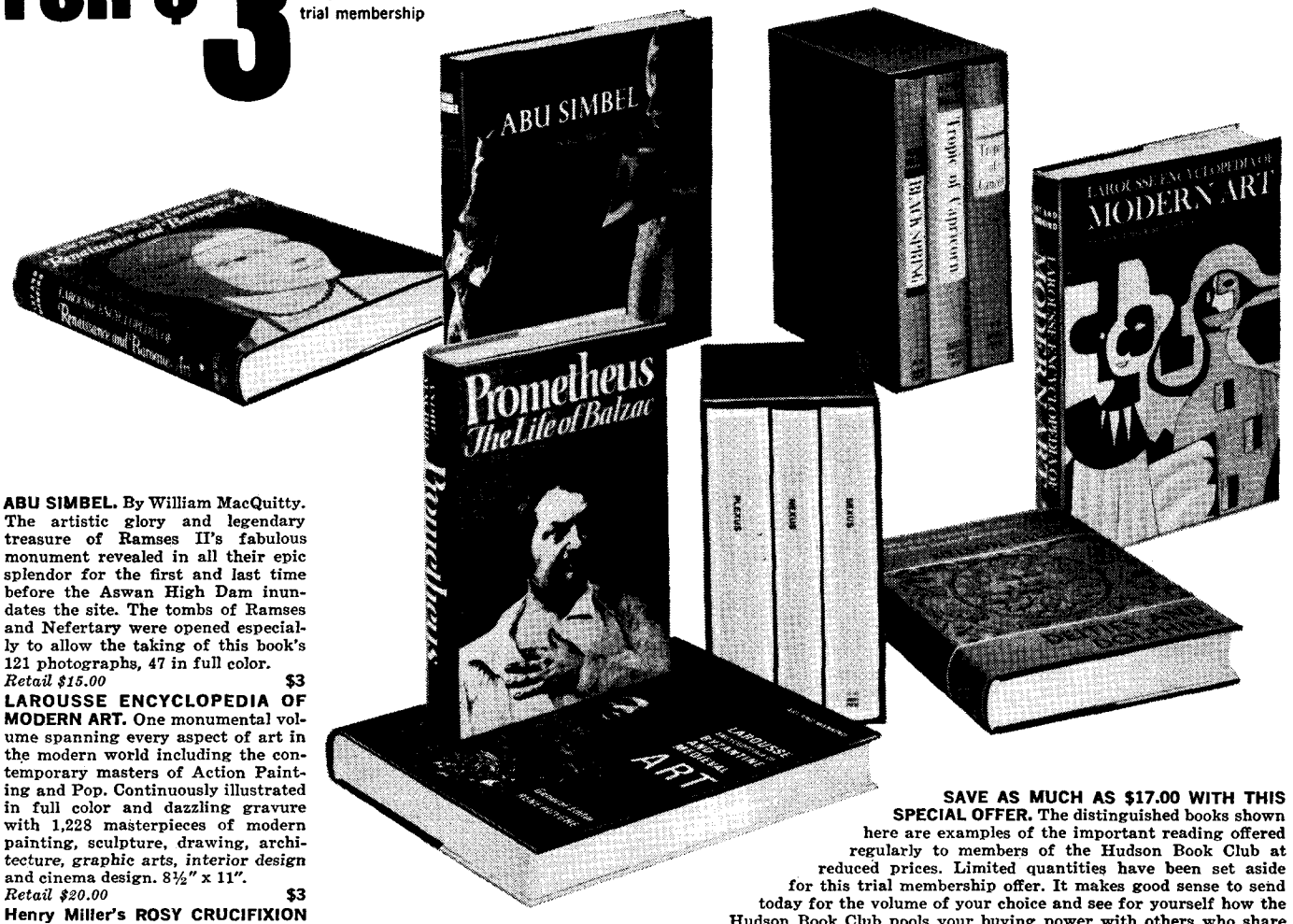

ABU SIMBEL. By William MacQuitty. The artistic glory and legendary treasure of Ramses II's fabulous monument revealed in all their epic splendor for the first and last time before the Aswan High Dam inundates the site. The tombs of Ramses and Nefertary were opened especially to allow the taking of this book's 121 photographs, 47 in full color.
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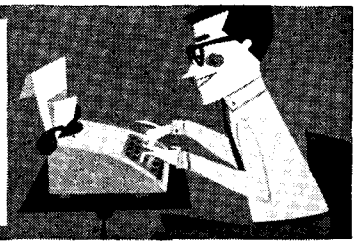
Top of My Head



R.S.V.P.

HAVE YOU been invited to any weddings lately? Or to get right to the point, have you been invited to the wedding in Washington August 6? I went through this morning's mail and there was no invitation so I assume I'm not invited and it's O.K. for me now to come out and say what I think about our Vietnam policy. I don't care how mad he gets at me.

It wouldn't have been politic as a member of the wedding for me to start a ruckus that would have made the father-in-law of the groom uncomfortable to see me at the happy occasion of the ceremony or at the White House reception afterward.

A wedding is no place to remind anyone of Hawks and Doves. Or of that other group to which the rest of us belong—Pigeons. The difference between being a Hawk or a Dove and being a Pigeon is that Hawks and Doves have forums in which they can publicly state their views. As for the rest of us—well, you know—there's nobody in here but us Pigeons?

Not that I was about to do anything outlandish at the wedding. I mean when the man asks if anyone knows why these two should not be married let him speak now or hold his peace—no, that won't do. Let him speak now or remain silent. I wouldn't have risen and said "Don't you think Patrick John should wait till he comes back from the war against the government of Hanoi that we are fighting so that the South Vietnamese will be free to choose their own form of government under Premier Ky and thus contain Communism and keep it from spreading all through Southeast Asia and then through Hawaii and the Philippines and San Francisco?" Not I.

However, since I wasn't invited, that's all academic. Seven hundred were invited. Seven hundred personal friends, the papers said. That's a lot of friends. If I had to throw a wedding tomorrow and after the reception we all wanted to play a game of bridge I would have to send out for a fourth. Many of the friends were from out of town, we are told. That I happen to be from out of town didn't seem to cut any cake.

It was left to the mother of the bride to lend a true and warm touch of Southern hospitality to the occasion. She insisted that all 700 who attend the wedding ceremony at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception should also be invited to the reception at the White House. "It offends my sense of hospitality," she said, "to invite friends to the church and not to the reception." That was generous and thoughtful.

It was also the bride's mother who helped the daughter choose her wedding gown. The daughter had tried on dress after dress after dress. I liked the affectionate way the mother finally decided which gown should be worn.

"This one," she finally said, "is the one I like. It's elegant and it looks like something you can hand down to your children and your grandchildren." And the dress the bride will wear to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception is the dress she will hand down to her children and their children.

THE gown was reported to be an exclusive design from the Neiman Marcus department store in Dallas, Texas. That's a plug. It can only be hoped the store management noticed the direct reference printed for free in all the newspapers and will keep that in mind when they send the bill. Especially when you think of all the money they'll spend to feed 700 people. Even if they use paper plates. Even if he does wander around the reception turning off a lot of lights.

Fortunately for the rest of us the TV networks have made preparations for full coverage of this happy event. CBS, ABC and NBC will have cameras everywhere for us, the uninvited guests. This is an especially fortuitous telecast for the NBC network. One of CBS's most popular programs has finally come to NBC: "I Love Lucy."

So through the magic of television, this is our R.S.V.P. We shall all attend this wedding and ooh and aah when the beautiful bride appears. And if we can't be at the reception we will go to the refrigerator during the commercials and drink a toast to the bride and groom.

"May the dove of peace hover over you both."

Nothing personal, sir.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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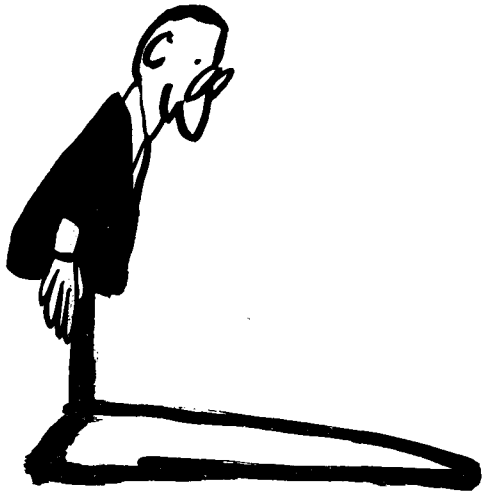

Hilton's guaranteed range of rates plan takes guesswork out of budget forecasts. Your rate is agreed on when you make your reservation. You get written confirmation of room and rate. And bills add up to forecast totals. **For reservations:** Call any Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book) or any Hilton or Statler Hilton hotel or inn.

DISCOVER AMERICA

HILTON HOTELS

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How To Keep Auto Gyps From Robbing You Blind

your money, your peace of mind, perhaps your life depend on your knowing the facts in "HIGHWAY ROBBERY"

This is the true story of how American motorists—including you—are swindled out of more than seven billion dollars every year...money you need not lose if you know how to protect yourself!

You've been reading front-page headlines about the serious safety defects in many Detroit-built and foreign cars. That exposé is just the beginning. Seven million Americans saw Sam Crowther and Irwin Winehouse, authors of *Highway Robbery*, prove on the "Today Show" that American car owners are being systematically swindled in many *as yet unpublicized* ways which add up to the single biggest set of frauds in the country.

New York's outspoken Traffic Commissioner Henry A. Barnes says, "HIGHWAY ROBBERY is a book that is long overdue. It will open your eyes to a scandal on the American scene."

"THE REVELATIONS MAY SHOCK YOU," SAYS N.Y.C. COUNCIL PRESIDENT

HIGHWAY ROBBERY was written on special assignment, by prize-winning reporter Sam Crowther and Irwin Winehouse, with the cooperation of numerous federal and local agencies, including the offices of District Attorneys around the country.

The authoritativeness of HIGHWAY ROBBERY is confirmed by New York City Council President Frank D. O'Connor, a former District Attorney, who emphasizes in his Foreword, "This is an important book. The revelations may shock you. HIGHWAY ROBBERY should be read and remembered."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY will teach you more about your car—new, used, or rented, than you have learned in your lifetime. You will find out quickly how to save yourself a lot of money...and agony. You will see how hundreds of dollars are being taken out of our pocket, year in and year out, and you will learn how to put a stop to it at once.

In HIGHWAY ROBBERY, you will learn:

- How car repair gyps flourish *in your community* under the umbrella of the law; the secret ways mechanics now swindle you and how you can protect yourself.
- How *most* repair work covered by insurance involves fraud *for which you pay the bill*, whether you know it or not.
- How the tires that come on your *new* car or the new ones you buy for your *used* car can turn your car into a coffin.
- Why car dealers don't want to sell for cash. Here's how to shop for credit—and save *half*.
- The 8 ways you can save on auto insurance rates.
- Where the speed traps are—and how crooked justices of the peace and policemen operate. (Note: HIGHWAY ROBBERY names names, towns, cities, routes.)
- How the "time payment" rackets work. (You will save countless dollars in purchasing many *other* things besides cars by consulting the true interest charts on pages 101 and 102 of HIGHWAY ROBBERY. They show you at a glance what every so-called time payment plan *really* costs.)

CAR RENTERS DEFRAUDED

If you ever *rent* a car, you'll want to check the pages of HIGHWAY ROBBERY which show how many car rental agencies in New York and nationwide defraud you every time you rent a car. Also, be sure to learn whether rent-a-car insurance *really* covers you...before it's too late.

- How new and used car dealers swindle suckers every day, the secret tricks you can protect yourself against.
- What happens to the 500,000 cars stolen every single year and how you may be affected.
- How the finance company lobbies have squelched every attempt by Congress to require them to tell the consumer *what he's really paying in interest*—and how you can know the facts.
- Why you take a risk when you park in an indoor public garage—and a sure-fire technique for protecting yourself.
- What to do when your car needs repair in unfamiliar territory.
- How the cards are stacked against out-of-state motorists in many areas. Why in many states motorists charged for a traffic violation *don't get the same rights as a common criminal.*

Scandalous Facts Revealed

You'll learn how to protect yourself against people who *live off settlements*, how thousands of "accidents" are staged, who stages them, and why. You'll read about police pay-offs in accidents even when dead and injured are lying about. You'll read about doctors who testify in claims cases on the basis of *how well they are paid* rather than on the results of their examinations. You'll discover how, if you dispute a repair bill, your car can actually be sold at a fake auction to the mechanic for the price of the repair bill and then immediately resold by him for the true value of your car.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY is Filled with Case Histories, Facts, Figures, and Sworn Testimony

HIGHWAY ROBBERY's Instant Index will guide you to the points you need *when* you need them.

SUGGESTION

Keep HIGHWAY ROBBERY in the glove compartment of your car so that you can consult the *Instant Index* whenever you encounter trouble *of any kind* on the road.

- Remember, your car is probably the second biggest investment you have.
- Remember, you not only will save many, many dollars in 1966, *but every year thereafter.*
- Important—you may be saving more than money. Some of these frauds involve a risk to your life and the lives of your family...a risk you may be taking today and every day *without knowing it* because of the powerful lobbies which have concealed these facts *until now.*

All over the country reviewers are hailing "Highway Robbery"

East

"Every motorist in America should read what's between the covers of this book. It's dynamite!"—Jimmy Breslin, *N.Y. Herald-Tribune*

"*Highway Robbery* not only points out the swindles motorists face, but offers practical suggestions for detecting these swindles and avoiding them."—*Publishers' Weekly*, New York

"One of the most exciting books in years. The book goes beyond the headline stories, into the depths of the shady practices in the automotive world. No driver can afford to miss this one."—Camden, *N.J. Courier-Post*

Midwest

"A fascinating and disturbing book. Should help every car owner."—Chicago *Tribune*

Far West

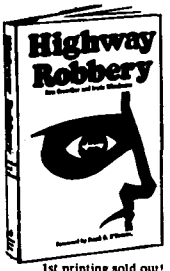
"If you're thinking of buying a new or used car; if you're planning to have repairs made; if you're going to purchase tires or if you're intending to drive somewhere; you'd better read and study this book...or else!"—Monterey, Calif. *Peninsula Herald*

"Should be on the must reading list of anyone who owns or drives a car. It offers a solid basic course in self-defense against gyppers."—Riverside, Calif. *Enterprise*

South

"An unsettling book. For the great numbers of people who don't know a camshaft from a carburetor, the book offers detailed explanations of car repair gyps, new and used car dealer tricks and even speed traps. If you already know all about such chicanery, the authors have suggestions about how to beat the crooks."—Atlanta *Journal*

"If you ever bought a new car, or a used car, or financed a car, or have been involved in an auto accident, or had an auto repaired, you should run, not walk, to the nearest book store and buy [this] book."—Lake Charles, La. *American Express*



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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

VIETNAM: YESTERDAY AND TODAY, Ellen Hammer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95 (*SR,* July 16)—The U.S. Army has bought large quantities of this basic introductory book, which delves into Indochina's cultural, social, and political past to explain why that past is repeating itself so tragically.

JUSTICE IN JERUSALEM, Gideon Hausner. Harper & Row, $12.50 (*SR,* July 2)—Although the chief prosecutor at the Eichmann trial has written a self-righteous and defensive book, he nevertheless sets the record straight on many things—including the theory that Eichmann was a man of limited intelligence merely "obeying orders."

TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN, Jon and Rumer Godden. Knopf-Viking, $5.50 (*SR,* July 23)—In this memoir of their early years the sister novelists produce a remarkable evocation of colonial India.

EMPRESS MARIA THERESA: THE EARLIER YEARS, 1717-1757, Robert Pick. Harper & Row, $8.95 (*SR,* July 16)—Tells, with scrupulous fairness, why the Austrian Queen failed to shine in the eighteenth-century galaxy of royalty.

THE ROAD TO SARAJEVO, Vladimir Dedijer. Simon & Schuster, $11.95 (*SR,* July 23)—In a dramatic account of the assassination, in 1914, of Austria's heir-apparent, the author investigates thoroughly the tangled nationalities and causes involved.

THE FAULKNER-COWLEY FILE, LETTERS AND MEMORIES, 1944-1962, Malcolm Cowley. Viking, $5 (*SR,* July 30)—How Faulkner worked and his attitude about his work are revealed in this correspondence and Cowley's comments on it.

THE AMERICAN MALE: A PENETRATING LOOK AT THE MASCULINITY CRISIS, Myron Brenton. Coward-McCann, $5.95 (*SR,* July 30)—Diagnoses the trouble men are having in adjusting to the single standard and a sedentary life.

KENYATTA'S COUNTRY, Richard Cox. Praeger, $5.95 (*SR,* July 9)—Based on a London newspaperman's four years' residence in Kenya, this book examines that nation's problems and progress, crediting Jomo Kenyatta largely for the latter.

THE AGE OF THE ECONOMIST, Daniel Fusfeld. Scott, Foresman, hardbound, $3.50; paperback, $2.25 (*SR,* July 16)—An evaluation of the seminal ideas in economic thought before and after Adam Smith.

HOW CAPITALISM CAN SUCCEED, Spencer D. Pollard. Stackpole, $4.95 (*SR,* July 16)—The free economies of the West, asserts the author, offer the most promising models for ameliorative political democracy in the underdeveloped, as well as the developed countries.

PROMETHEUS: THE LIFE OF BALZAC, André Maurois; tr. from the French by Norman Denny. Harper & Row, $10 (*SR,* July 9)—With deep understanding, M. Maurois makes memorable every incident in his subject's tumultuous life.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLACK CONTINENT, Herbert Wendt; tr. from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Doubleday, $6.95 (*SR,* July 9)—The author contends that all Latin America is on the brink of a revolution, which so far has occurred only in Bolivia, Mexico, and Cuba.

THE SPANISH SEABORNE EMPIRE, J. H. Parry. Knopf, $6.95 (*SR,* July 9)—The symbiosis of Indian and Hispanic cultures is the principal concern of the distinguished British historian.

THE EARLY SPANISH MAIN, Carl O. Sauer. University of California Press, $7.95 (*SR,* July 2)—Forty-three years of scholarship went into this brisk account of the depredation by the Conquistadores of the Caribbean coast of South America and the greater Antillean islands.

THE CRUSADES, Zoé Oldenbourg; tr. from the French by Anne Carter. Pantheon, $6.95 (*SR,* July 2)—Lively sketches of personalities and credible guesses as to their motivations make this book a worthwhile addition to those already written on the subject.

POSTSCRIPT FROM HIROSHIMA, Rafael Steinberg. Random House, $3.95 (*SR,* July 23)—Interviews with a cross-section of residents, most of whom are survivors of the bomb, help to tell a straightforward, unbiased story of the city that grew out of the ruins.

SOMERSET AND ALL THE MAUGHAMS, Robin Maugham. New American Library, $5.95 (*SR,* July 9)—How strongly the work of the recently deceased novelist was affected by his unhappy early life is revealed in detail by his nephew, a novelist himself.

THE MISTRESSES: DOMESTIC SCANDALS OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY MONARCHS, Betty Kelen. Random House, $5.95 (*SR,* July 9)—Adept journalism and impressive research here result in entertainment that is effortlessly informative.

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES, JOURNEY IN DIALOGUE, Pearl S. Buck with Theodore F. Harris. John Day, $4.95 (*SR,* July 23)—Appeals to Americans to recognize their responsibility to the thousands of children born of Asian mothers and American G.I. fathers.

Fiction

PLANTATION BOY, José Lins do Rêgo, tr. from the Portuguese by Emmi Baum. Knopf, $6.95 (*SR,* July 9)—Comprises the first three novels in the autobiographical "Sugar-Cane Cycle," by Northeast Brazil's foremost literary interpreter.

NOTHING EVER BREAKS EXCEPT THE HEART, Kay Boyle. Doubleday, $4.95 (*SR,* July 16)—Contains twenty short stories passionately concerned with the effect on human beings of war, mechanization, and alienation.

THE OLIVE FIELD, Ralph Bates. Washington Square Press, $6.95 (*SR,* July 16)—Recreates the essential spirit of rural Spain before the Civil War.

ALL THE LITTLE HEROES, Herbert Wilner. Bobbs-Merrill, $6.50 (*SR,* July 23)—A real imagination is operating in this first novel about how a man who has kept himself apart from life becomes very much a part of it through chance involvement in the death of his father.

THE STEAGLE, Irvin Faust. Random House, $4.95 (*SR,* July 16)—A brilliant and effectively Joycean study of an English professor whose life is deflected from its usual course by the Cuban missile crisis.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

BOYHOOD PHOTOS OF J.-H. LARTIGUE. Edita, S.A.; International Book Society, $19.50. Presenting a boy's-eye view of the moods, modes, and manners of *La Belle Epoque*, this nostalgic album-styled volume of hand-mounted photographs lives up to its promise of being a collector's item.

Exhibitions

INDUSTRY AND THE MARKET PLACE. Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York. There's something for everybody here, as the camera panorams 4,000 years of art history to bring background perspective to the electronic wizardry of nuclear submarines and microwave ovens (the latter shown not only in model but on motion-picture film).

MIGDOLL: DANCE PHOTOGRAPHS. Amsterdam Gallery, Lincoln Center Museum of the Performing Arts, New York. A first one-man show demonstrates Herbert Migdoll's performing camera in as fine form as the renowned dance companies he records in color.

THEATER

THE KITCHEN (*SR,* July 2). Arnold Wesker's play as directed by Jack Gelber proves to be poetry of horror and humanity (Rip Torn, Colgate Salisbury, Sylvia Miles, Michael Enserro, David Clarke, Conrad Bain, and others). **MAME, PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME, CACTUS FLOWER, MAN OF LA MANCHA, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, THE ODD COUPLE.**

"All last night I kept dreaming the whole kit and kaboodle had been beaten into ploughshares."

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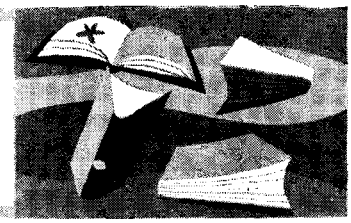
Trade Winds



"Is there any major comfort in retirement from active editing?"

For one, there is an end to arguments with authors about what should be cut from their manuscripts.

Sometimes arguments are not even possible. For example, about a dozen years back, after finishing Ayn Rand's controversial but fascinating *Atlas Shrugged*, a reader asked the author if she didn't think John Galt's radio speech —which ran on for some 30,000 words, in case you don't remember—might have been cut substantially. "Would you," she responded, "cut the *Bible*?" Now how do you argue with *that*?

Of course there are many people who would cut the *Bible*. It *has* been cut, and revised, and modified, and simplified, Lord knows how often. Some not unreasonable editors believe that readers, as well as authors, have rights. Yet sometimes publishers are so concerned their authors will go elsewhere that they permit their experience and judgment to be overcome by their authors' vanity.

Herman Wouk, after signing an agreement with a magazine to publish *Youngblood Hawke* (ridiculous title he wouldn't change), stipulated that as the chapters were written they had to be kept locked in agent Harold Matson's safe, where, the magazine editor might take a $100,000 peek.

There was this satisfaction. The magazine reserved the right to cut the novel, and, as published—in perhaps half its original length—it was much more palatable than the book version.

Alexander Woollcott once observed that there was only one sentence he'd ever read that couldn't be cut. It is in The Gospel According to St. John, King James version: "Jesus wept."

"What the modern reader wants of the New Testament," wrote Edgar J. Goodspeed in the preface to his *Parallel New Testament*, "is to know what it means. He wants this in clear, intelligible English, with all the vigor and directness of the original." Whereupon Mr. Goodspeed, in his "American" translation, changed "Jesus wept" to "Jesus shed tears"!

Right or wrong, magazines frequently change an author's title, and without consultation. In 1936, from Harold Ober, one of the gentlest and ablest of literary agents, I bought two short stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald. They were pretty bad, but Fitzgerald was in trouble, and I had been a devoted admirer. One of the stories, called "Make Yourself at Home," I sold to *Liberty*, which published it as "Strange Sanctuary."

Perhaps twenty years later, Andrew Turnbull was doing research for his Fitzgerald biography and finally identified the story. The second story he couldn't locate. Called "The Pearl and the Fur," and never published, it probably still is in an old *Pictorial Review* file, gathering dust in a warehouse.

Once I presumed to change an author's name. A story had been submitted under the by-line Fannie Fox; I published it as having been written by Fannie *Ferber* Fox. Mrs. Fox was outraged, declared she wasn't going to trade on sister Edna's reputation, and would never write for me again.

She never wrote anything again except under the name Fannie Ferber Fox.

To students in the Columbia School of Journalism I once gave this list of basic reference books I had found (and still do find) most useful: Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, Roget's *Thesaurus*, the *World Almanac*, Benét's *Reader's Encyclopedia*, Magill's *Masterpieces of World Literature*, de Lys's *Treasury of American Superstitions*, Webster's *Dictionary of Synonyms*, Ackerman's *Popular Fallacies*, Apel's *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, *Who's Who in America*, Wilstach's *Dictionary of Similes*, *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, the *Bible*, Marek's *World Treasury of Grand Opera*, Webster's *Biographical Dictionary*, Shankle's *State Names, Flags, Seals*, etc., Brewer's *Dictionary of Miracles*, Champion's *Racial Proverbs*, Keller's *Dictionary of Dates*, Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse*, Webster's *New International Dictionary*, and—my favorite—Walsh's *Handy Book of Literary Curiosities*.

What enticing window displays could be made of a collection of reference books! In my home library are at least a thousand, 80 per cent of which I've never opened. But there's a feeling of pleasure just knowing they're there.

At a medical convention in Chicago the toastmaster said he was pleased to be on the *dias* and wanted to *apprise* the audience of his recent meeting with HEW officials in Washington. In almost any reasonably well educated group one still hears er*yu*dite, *ek*onomics, and ex*qui*site. Twenty years ago a friend of mine told his wife that the word is pronounced va*gary*, and ever since then she has refused to use it. He still loves her, *ir*regardless.

The feature, "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power," first appeared in *Reader's Digest* in January 1945, and has never skipped an issue. Introduced by Wilfred Funk, son of the founder of Funk & Wagnall's, now it is handled by grandson Peter, and among *Digest* readers remains second in consistent popularity only to "Life in These United States." Once when it was omitted from the table of contents, protests from readers who wanted to turn to it immediately brought it back to its accustomed place.

Correspondence indicates that readers don't always accept Peter Funk's definitions. They fight back. For example, "How can you dare say '*demean*' means to behave when everybody knows it means to debase and degrade?" Peter, of course, was right, having offered the preferred definition.

Incidentally, Wilfred Funk, who was well known for his light verse, wrote various books dealing with language. His most successful, *30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*, written in collaboration with Norman Lewis, has sold more than 2,000,000 copies.

Who is Doubleday's most successful author? A guess might be Dr. Morris Fishbein. Of the fourteen books he has done for Doubleday, about 8,500,000 copies have been sold. *The Handy Home Medical Adviser* alone has sold well over a million copies. *The New Illustrated Medical and Health Encyclopedia*, in fourteen volumes, has sold more than 2,500,000 copies!

The most prolific of medical editors, the good doctor is the world's second-worst bridge partner. He has a compulsion to play every hand in six no-trump. Seven no-trump only if his opponents have entered the bidding.

The world's *worst* bridge partner? According to Dr. Fishbein, the undersigned. —HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1686)

(FOSCO) MARAINI:
WHERE FOUR WORLDS MEET
(Quote sugg. by Mrs. John T. King, Jr.)

Judging guides on appearances is always a chancy business. Physique may be assessed, but who can gauge character? Often a hulking giant, looking like Mr. Universe, turns out to possess the courage of a rabbit or the will power of a piece of cooked spaghetti.

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Saturday Review
August 6, 1966

Reflections on the Great Society

A noted world statesman contemplates our design for change, and suggests why it is not only of national significance but is an event of the highest magnitude.

By CHARLES MALIK

IN THE SHEER size of America, in its unbelievable industrial development, in the fact that its people enjoy by far the highest average standard of living ever attained by man, in its enormous possibilities and opportunities, in the sheer diversity of its cultural origins, in the sense of belonging and participation that all Americans feel, in the general order and peace it has vouchsafed its people, in the resultant amazing creativity in every phase of civilization, in the fact that its will today is one of the very few decisive wills in world affairs, in the lure with which it continues to attract countless peoples to its shores (by far more than any other country does) and in the simple fact that, barring unforeseen catastrophes, one can clearly see a thousand years of American development ahead—in all these respects the American achievement is absolutely unique in history. America therefore can rightly aspire, as President Johnson has projected, to develop in time the truly Great Society.

But first the mystique of change must be closely examined. It may be we are pinning our faith on a fallacy, on a fanciful flight of the imagination, when we say "everything changes" and "there are no limits to change." What if the most important matters do not change, and if they do, what if it will not be by dint of human effort? Civilizations rise, decay, and perish; that fact does not seem to change. Man—the nicest man—harbors demonic tendencies in his breast; that fact does not seem to change. Man envies and hates and schemes and lets himself go; that fact does not seem to change. Man must die; that fact does not seem to change. I can enumerate forty other fundamental facts which defy all change.

When we take all these matters in their concrete totality, we are before something eternal, and before the eternal we can only wonder and pray. Change, then, only touches the less important, the form and circumstance, the setting and surroundings, the instruments and conditions—never the heart and essence, never the grounds of sorrow and joy, of ecstasy and fulfilment. Far from burning incense to the god of change, we must therefore humbly "give God the praise."

THE Great Society will certainly have its organic roots in American history and American values. Man, his dignity, his conscience, his reason, his fundamental liberties, the sanctity of his personal decision, his rights and duties, his equality before the law, his fulfilment in social participation, his living under a real, transcendent power, which American history was never ashamed to call God—these things are inalienable in the life of America. The Great Society cannot change away from them.

Nor can America dissociate itself from its European heritage, with all the values and verities which inspired and molded that heritage for 4,000 years. The term "Atlantic community" ought certainly to include the Mediterranean, both because the Mediterranean is only an Atlantic gulf, because southern Europe is all Mediterranean in climate and character, and because the eastern Mediterranean is the cradle of Western civilization. These cultural-historical connections have immense geopolitical significance. What America does, or aspires to, will have direct repercussions in the larger European-Mediterranean world to which it culturally belongs. If the destiny of America is understood now to be inextricably bound up with the defense and welfare of the Atlantic community, then the Great Society will not actualize itself in a splendid vacuum: It will itself be a momentous Atlantic event.

America is also becoming increasingly implicated in the non-Atlantic world. I have for twenty-one years now watched this soaring implication at firsthand. What the foreign aid program means and involves is well known. You must add to that the immense network of alliances and treaties, the great American private enterprises operating now almost everywhere, American commercial and cultural interests in every corner of the earth, the world-wide importance of the dollar, the American book and the American movie, the ubiquitous American tourist, the Peace Corps, the hundred thousand foreign students studying in American institutions of higher learning, the fact that the United Nations is in the United States, the weight of the American word in the councils of nations, the vigor of American diplomacy all over the world, the subtle influence of the American way of life upon men and manners everywhere. Here, then, we have a massive impact absolutely unprecedented in history, not only with respect to America, but with respect to any nation in its relations to the outside world. The Great Society will not only reflect the American genius: It will be shaped in part by the dynamic interaction between America and the rest of the world, in their

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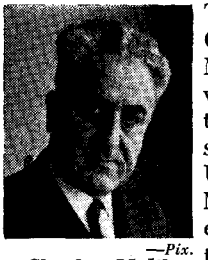

Charles Malik —*Pix.*

The Author: Charles Habib Malik formerly was President of the General Assembly of the United Nations; Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Lebanon; Ambassador of Lebanon to the United States. He now is Distinguished Professor of Philosophy at the American University of Beirut.

mutual involvement in each other, in peace or in war, in friendship or in estrangement. And in this interaction the message and spirit carried by the English language in the decades and generations to come is going to be of transcendental importance. The Great Society therefore is not only an American event; it is not only an Atlantic event; it is a world event of the highest magnitude.

It is certainly useful and necessary to extend assistance to others. American leaders have time and again explained the reasons for this necessity. I will only enter a few observations, born of knowledge and experience.

The giver and helper should not in the process lose his soul. In the long run, this is the most dangerous pitfall. Without vigilant care, the giver, just to please or placate the receiver, stands in danger of turning into his image. The receiver and needy should not in the process barter away his soul. He should be thankful and humble, but not servile or obsequious.

There should be mutual realization that the real problems are not material and economic: they are all social, political, intellectual, and spiritual. Receiving, copying, imitating, is not enough: There should be radical spiritual transformation on the part of the receiver and copyist. The success of any program of assistance depends on how much the receiver feels he has entered into real fellowship with the giver—a fellowship governed by mutual moral respect and equality—how much he belongs with the giver to a real, historically operating whole. There should be limits to the blackmailability of the strong and deep.

The giver may be cheerful and magnanimous; he may have the best intentions and motives. But the issues at stake in history today far transcend all that. Therefore, the giver owes it to himself and his children, to his culture and his civilization, to the receiver and needy; he owes it to the certain eventual judgment both of history and God—to be sure in his own mind, and to make sure to others, *where he stands.* Ambiguity, equivocation, ambivalence, confusion, self-shame, self-apology, lack of conviction—these have wrought havoc in the world.

Some Western agencies have perfected the technique of the coup. They believe in change by substitution. They tolerate certain situations because they appear confident they can stage a coup almost at will. "Let them fool around for awhile," they say. "We know when and how to get rid of them."

Although coup can follow coup indefinitely, there are underlying social and mental changes that survive all coups. Some of these processes are irreversible, so that no succession of coups can remedy the damage done. You can perpetually win in terms of coups, and perpetually lose in terms of the spirit. The rise of the spirit of darkness and rebellion, the contradicting of the fundamental values of man and freedom, these appear to move on inexorably as though nothing had happened. Leaders come and go, names blaze themselves on the firmament for awhile only shortly to sink to oblivion, but the rotting of the soul goes on. Those who set their mind only on order and stability miss this all-important point. They pin their trust on dictatorship—the more military, the better—not appearing to care in the slightest where the soul is tending under these regimes. That the great Western values of freedom, decency, reason, love, trust, openness, search, discussion, humanity, are suffering—that does not seem to bother them at all.

Policy-makers on the highest level should give some time to the anxious examination of the press of these countries, their textbooks, their popular literature, the programs of their radio and television, the fundamental statements of policy of their leaders, the theoretical interpretations of man, history, society, and destiny which their youth are imbibing. "Independence," "stability," "development," these are good things, but they are not enough. They are essentially "neutral," compatible with almost any philosophy.

People must be on top of change. They must have alternatives. They cannot go on saying: "But every change is to the worse!" They are thus admitting that the process of history is against them. But this is wholly inadmissible. And what is even more so is to expect to ride on the wave of change after it has surprised them and to go along with it *on its own terms.* Both of these—not to be on top of the change before it occurs and to go along with it on its own terms—constitute a veritable abdication of historical responsibility.

It is true, things are never white or black. But why should it be the case that every new mixture should turn out to be a little more gray?

This is the great danger today: that

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change is neither sufficiently anticipated nor adequately controlled after it bursts forth. And this is the deepest task confronting the leadership of today, in its relations with Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the Middle East: to be sure of ultimate principles on the basis of which it can measure, judge, and help to direct change.

SOME changes that have occurred lately have not been all for the worse. The lesson to be drawn here is that *there are alternatives and there always have been.* The prize is always for the daring, the profound, the believing, the one who knows his hour and seizes it.

The Great Society as it unfolds itself cannot be satisfied with relating itself to these peoples only externally and mechanically. It must seek social, political, spiritual, human modes of relation. Its fund of humanity and sympathy is virtually inexhaustible. It will doubtless replenish it from new creative sources. Concern for these cultures must be intimate, organic, inward, accepting the risks that all historic responsibility entails. The sharing must be generous and deep, the fellowship genuine and warm. It may even call for a new international association, not to compete with the United Nations or to divide the world, but to provide a sense of coherence and belonging on a scale hitherto unavailable to those who have hitched their wagon irrevocably to the star of freedom and man.

The decisive battle today is for the soul and mind. The poets, the artists, the students, the teachers, the intellectuals, the laborers, the molders of opinion, the framers of laws, the media of information and entertainment, night life, the life of leisure—have these been honestly assessed as to where they are heading? You can win the whole world, but if you lose these, you have lost all.

"Independence" and "self-determination" have been made into a fetish. Certainly all nations and cultures are entitled to them, or to as much of them as they are capable of. But, then, the independent can independently and freely choose to oppose your ideas and your way of life, especially if he is vehemently prodded to do so, and by your logic you cannot oppose him. The matter, therefore, is much deeper than merely singing the praises of "independence." The real problem is to support and strengthen the forces of freedom, man, and the spirit wherever they are, and to create them where they are not. The real problem is to be yourself so attractive and concerned that the independent will independently and freely choose you, or, at least—whether from love or from fear—will not choose to cast his weight against you.

Again, there is a costly neglect of the political and ideological. Often a premium is placed on those who oppose you on fundamental matters: Your favors go to them. I understand perfectly the exigencies of political realism, and the place of shrewdness and depth and flexibility, but sometimes the price paid is too high in terms of spirit and substance.

The political and ideological cannot be neglected any longer. In this connection President Johnson's plans for helping educational and intellectual development abroad appear to me to be of the utmost importance. Practical pursuits have millions of advocates, but I wish to make the strongest plea for the support of theory, of the humanities, of liberal education, of the spiritual disciplines, because it is these that form the soul. As it unfolds itself, the Great Society must interest itself not only in explaining and defending its values, but in whether and why they are respected and loved. If it believes in them, it cannot see them slighted and contradicted and fought, and remain unconcerned.

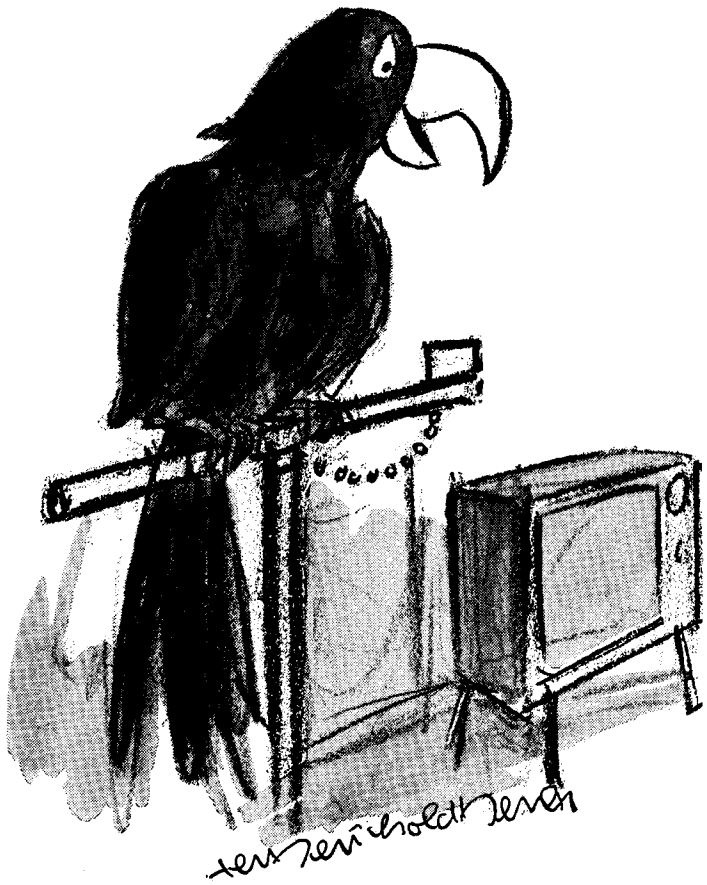
WE are all aware of the great moral crisis. It is a crash rather than a crisis. It is talked about in whispers, because in one sense or another we are all parties to it. That is what makes the situation inexpressibly tragic. That is why when people talk about it they sound so lame, so already compromised.

Atheism is not only tolerated; it has become fashionable and militant. Perversion has become respectable. Materialism is thoroughly rationalized. The crassest hedonism is made into a way of life. Rebellion is not only an adolescent phase: It is now a total spirit. When the soul of youth, not only in Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the Middle East, but also in Europe and America, is hungering for some fare of satisfying truth, departments of philosophy are engaged literally in splitting words. There is no correlation between the place and power of America in the world today and what is being spun by the philosophers.

I have every confidence there is going to be a reaction against these things in the Great Society. They will all be weighed and put in their place. God certainly exists and certainly He is at the base of American existence. There is going to be repentance and joy and victory and the profoundest new contentment.

What is it, then, that we really ultimately need?

We need to return to earth and nature. We need touch and sight and direct contact. We need to develop a horror of the abstract, a passion for the intimate and concrete. We need gentleness and consideration, patience and understanding, obedience and fidelity, friendship



"Polly wants a delicious, crispy, crunchy, positively satisfying cracker!"

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and love. We need the warmth of family unity and family love.

We need thankful satisfaction with the necessary, the curbing of inordinate desire, the possibility of sharing until it hurts. We need spontaneity and freedom, naturalness and creativity, poetry and vision, peace and rest, the richness of personality and the humility of the person, working together toward a transcendent end. We need the detachment of love, the blessedness of the art of listening, the intensity and reality of spiritual experience, the joy of being.

We need quiet and contemplation, the radiance of saints, the grace of self-giving. We need rootedness in history.

These are the gifts of the spirit. They are attitudes of the soul which even the cleanest neighborhood, the most wholesome school surroundings, the finest educational equipment, the most immaculate cities, the most prosperous economy, the most secure financial status, the most just society, nay, even the greatest of Great Societies, cannot by themselves ensure. The gifts of the spirit have an independent origin. They pass from person to person, and where there is no person who has them, then they simply cannot be had. The problem, then, is to seek the secret of the person or persons who first had them. The original persons with the gifts of the spirit must be there in the first place and all along.

The leaders of industry and finance, the creators and stewards of the greatest economy the earth has ever known, must remember that means and instruments are marvelous things, glorifying in the first instance the spirit that made them. But they never exceed exactly what they are: means and instruments.

What ends do they serve, what are they instruments for, what kind of man will emerge from their weight and their charm?

That through these means and instruments man may vanquish as much as possible of the unnecessary and man-made suffering under which he labors; that he may be free; that he may be full; that he may enjoy friendship and love; that he may expose falsehood and superficiality; that he may try to rise above all unworthiness; that he may confidently enter into the dozen circles of fellowship and association, from the family, to the church, to the nation, to the whole of humanity, which will steady and anchor his soul; that he may come out of his pathetic loneliness, to love and listen and learn, even if he should repeatedly make a fool of himself in the process; that he may participate in the deepest that history has known; that he may understand the meaning of inevitable tragedy; that he may accept it with that sadness which ennobles and transfigures; that he may enjoy the gifts of the spirit; that he may hope in God.

"I suppose when you retire you'll open up a little Army-Navy store!"

May these ends penetrate the Great Society at every level, so that it will speak to the world first through them, and then through whatever means and instruments may be placed at their disposal.

THERE are living roots for these; things in the life and heritage of America; in its origins, in its fundamental statutes, in much of its poetry and literature, in much of its philosophy, in the Judaeo-Christian religion which has always been at its base. Nay, more, the roots go farther back, to the whole of Western civilization from which America sprang and for which Providence has now elected it to be the principal custodian. Thus one is not proposing a new theory, a new "ism"; one is only begging people not to forget their origins—in a sense, not to forget their God. One is only calling to remembrance.

Consequently, what is needed today above everything else is an authentic voice that will move all men of good will to their deepest depths, and draw them to himself. Without a shadow of self-interest, he will rise to the historic occasion by speaking the word of truth on freedom and destiny and the spirit, in complete simplicity and conviction. He will never utter a platitude or cliché. He may be spared suffering, but if it comes, he will accept it in the name of the truth and for its sake. With the help of the infinite contrivances of industry he can do wonders. He will be full of fun and full of humanity. He will be humble, broken, ordinary, unimpressive. His words and his ways cause men to forget about him altogether: They cause them to think only of the eternal. And what gratitude, and what love, and what joy, and what infinite release of energy, will then respond throughout the earth.

Such voices cannot be planned or contrived: they are gifts from above. They are given according as men deserve them, through the sincerity and intensity of their yearning and their prayer. They are given according as certain cultures have seen enough and suffered enough to deserve them. And sometimes they appear as free gifts regardless of any merit.

May the Great Society so develop as to be worthy of such men. One of them alone will justify it. He will then say, with David, on its behalf: "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright."

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IRRI FILLS EMPTY RICE BOWLS

The International Rice Research Institute compares two methods of planting rice in a flooded paddy—with a mechanical drill, and broadcast by hand.

By PAUL DEUTSCHMAN

CHRISTMAS week of 1964, rice-planting time in the Philippines' Laguna Province, a sixty-three-year-old Filipino farmer named Francisco Sarmiento made the most important investment of his life. At a cost of 110 pesos ($29), approximately one month's income, he bought six sacks of fertilizer that had been tested at a remarkable place called the International Rice Research Institute. Known as IRRI (pronounced as Erie), the institute is located at Los Baños, on Luzon, the main Philippine island. It is run by two large, private American foundations, Rockefeller and Ford, with the very active cooperation of private industry and ten Asian governments.

On instructions from a salesman from the new Esso plant at Bataan, Sarmiento carefully roped off a one-hectare (2.4 acres) plot of land. Here, he planted his ordinary seed, as on the rest of his ten acres. He then tended both plots in the same way he had always done, except that he injected four sacks of Institute-tested fertilizer into the newly harrowed, roped-off "demonstration plot." And, three weeks before "booting" (the time when you can see the rice grain forming), he added two sacks of another chemical nutritive. IRRI scientists, after year-long tests, had recommended this procedure for land like his.

When harvest time came on April 14, some 110 people—neighboring farmers, local dignitaries, and small "agro-industry" businessmen—gathered at Sarmiento's rice paddy to see the results of this bold new technique. What they saw caused runs on the loan departments of nearby rural banks. The demonstration plot yielded 4,825 pounds of rice per acre, compared to an average of 2,310 pounds per acre for ordinary farm land. This was an increase of some 110 per cent—and a 277 per cent increase over the national average rice yield.

Thus, for every peso spent for fertilizer, Sarmiento got a return of 14 pesos—a profit of $52 an acre. At next planting time, therefore, he used this new fertilizer technique on his entire farm. Many of his neighbors followed his example, and throughout the Philippines, thirty-nine other farmers who had started demonstration plots like Sarmiento's won equally enthusiastic converts. When they are able to obtain seeds of the new rice varieties that IRRI has developed, their production will go up even more.

FEW Americans can conceive of what rice means to the almost two billion people of Asia. Two of every three Asians depend on rice for almost their entire food supply. Three of every five Asians spend all their working hours either raising or distributing rice. Moreover, Asia's population is increasing by almost 1,000,000 persons every week. This—ignoring effects of energetic family-planning programs now under way—means that an additional 10,000,000 tons of rice will be needed every year just to feed Asia's populace at the present inadequate level.

Swaying emerald blades of rice cover 12 per cent of the earth's cultivable land—one of every eight-and-a-half acres. Tens of billions of seedlings are planted annually. Average annual consumption of rice per Asian is 200 to 400 pounds.

Rice is basically a carbohydrate and energy-building food, and the Nepali porter trudging up Sawtooth mountain or the Indonesian farmer bent under the noon sun fortifies himself with charges of energy when he eats rice. It is quickly cooked, and almost 100 per cent digestible; there is no waste in this completely consumable food. But there is never enough.

It was to find ways to overcome all this that IRRI was founded in 1962. It cost $7,500,000 to set up and it costs an additional $1,400,000 each year to run. Expenses are shared on a fifty-fifty basis by the Ford and Rockefeller foundations. Management, however, rests entirely with the Rockefeller Foundation.

BASICALLY, IRRI's function is educational—to make the first systematic investigation of every aspect of rice, and to provide an international training program for young scientists from all rice-producing countries, especially those in Southeast Asia. It is like a great university with a single subject in its curriculum: rice.

"Our real job here," said IRRI's director, Robert F. Chandler, a lean, incisive former dean of Agriculture, and later President, of the University of New Hampshire, "is very simply to learn how—and to provide the materials—to produce more rice to feed more people."

IRRI owns 200 acres, most of which are devoted to neatly plotted rice fields. Across the road from the fields, around a lush spread of fountain-splashed lawn, are the administrative buildings, laboratories, and greenhouses—all of them graceful, air-conditioned, low-slung, concrete-and-glass structures. The staff here totals some 500, about 400 of them "locals"—Filipino farmers, clerks, secretaries, and various maintenance men. All the rest are "scientific staff." Those include an average of sixty visiting scientists or scientists-to-be who are classified either as "scholars," "fellows," or "trainees." On the average, fourteen countries

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Paul Deutschman, a free-lance foreign correspondent based in New York City, has been foreign editor of *Life*, a Marshall Plan and U.S. foreign aid consultant, and a special assistant in the State Department. He now is writing a book on emerging patterns of the private sector's involvement in foreign aid.

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are represented on IRRI's staff. When I visited there last December only eleven were Americans, all assigned by the Rockefeller Foundation. The remainder, Asians, came from India, Pakistan, Japan, Vietnam, Korea, and the Philippines.

Trainees who come with any idea of keeping their hands unsoiled and learning about rice in labs or from the seat of a jeep parked alongside one of the soggy-bottomed paddies are very quickly set straight. "We always start trainees behind a carabao, out in the fields," Frank Byrnes, IRRI's communications director, told me with a chuckle. "We find it's good for their character. About once every three days they are likely to come in and say, 'Why are we here?' But after a month or so, they get right enthusiastic about the procedure!"

IRRI's training program provides these young scientists with the opportunities to study and conduct research under the guidance of senior staff members. They spend from six months to two years at IRRI, living in a plush, three-story dormitory that resembles a small tropical Hilton. Some of them enroll as graduate students at the College of Agriculture up the road. There are fifteen departments at Los Baños including entomology, agronomy, soil chemistry, and agricultural economics. So far, in four years of operations, IRRI has "processed" some 135 trainees. All of them go back to their native universities, agriculture ministries, or farm-extension bureaus, their hands hardened with toil, their notebooks crammed with newly discovered facts and figures, their minds humming with new, practical ideas.

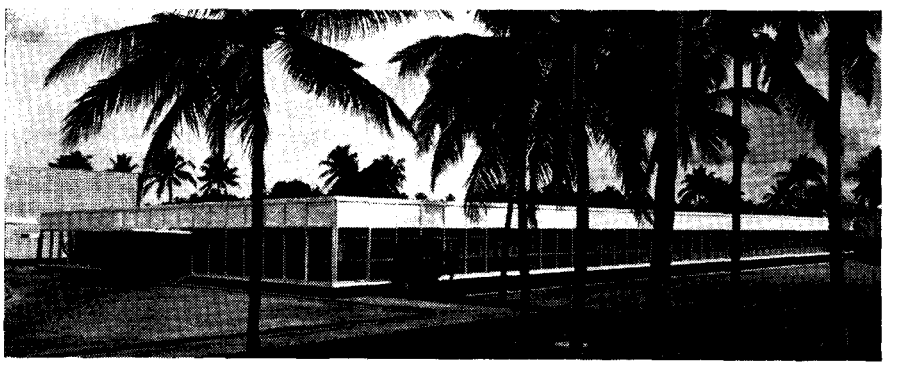
THE first and most basic project undertaken was perhaps the most practical of all. It's still going on and will probably continue as long as IRRI exists. It consists of cataloguing every known strain of rice in the world.

With Frank Byrnes I went into the sprawling service building, to the special glass-walled area guarded like the Queen's jewels by attendants in white coats—most of them pretty Filipino girl graduates of the nearby agriculture college. Behind a refrigerated vault I saw rows of small tin boxes. Each contained hundreds of seeds of each strain, carefully kept at zero degrees centigrade. "We have over ten thousand different rice varieties from seventy-three countries," Byrnes said.

All these rice varieties, he explained, are tested in the labs and on the experimental farm, then shipped all over Asia for testing under varying local conditions. The Luzon experimental farm, for example, where all the practical field-testing goes on, is divided into some 200 one-acre plots. Each plot contains an

(*Continued on page 39*)

Conventional tractors frequently balk and rear when operated in a flooded paddy. The IRRI is trying to develop equipment better suited for such work.



IRRI's laboratory—"like a great university devoted to a single subject: rice."

Applying herbicide to an experimental plot—seed strains and methodology, once tested at IRRI headquarters, next are tried in demonstration plots elsewhere.

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NATO and U.S. Foreign Policy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's editor was invited to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, under the chairmanship of Senator J. W. Fulbright. The following editorial is drawn from his statement to that Committee on July 22.*

THE QUESTION concerns NATO and its relation to the broad outlines of American foreign policy. In a sense, the events since April 4, 1949, when NATO came into being, furnish their own commentary on NATO. It is now possible, seventeen years later, in the light of living history, to match the record of NATO against its original purpose.

The basic purpose of NATO was to provide Western Europe with a shield against pressure or incursion from the East. The general weakness of Europe after World War II, at a time when the Soviet Union was powerful, expansionist, and ideologically volatile, called for substantial and rapid development of Western Europe's defense capacity, with the United States playing a vital and fully visible role.

The components of that problem have changed considerably since 1949. Western Europe is no longer an economic and military weakling largely dependent on the United States. It has a robust productive capacity and a high standard of living. It no longer lacks either the ability or the means for building a powerful shield.

Now that Europe is again on its own, many of the elements that over the centuries have made for conflict within the Continent itself are beginning to emerge. The story of Europe is one of a geographic unit too small to accommodate its many parts, of endlessly remade boundary lines, of a continuing invitation for conquest by ambitious rulers who saw themselves as potential unifiers and masters of the Continent. The frequency with which Europe has produced Napoleons and Hitlers says something about a basic situation in which conflict has been more the dominant condition than peace. Wars were never really resolved. Each war left its progeny for the next.

Fortunately, no nation in Western Europe today is moving violently or aggressively against its neighbors. But this does not mean that the basic conditions in Western Europe today favor a durable peace, or even a resolution of the dangerous artificialities of geographical and political division that have made Europe an almost continual battleground since the Peloponnesian Wars.

Shortly after the end of World War II —that is, during the period of Western European debility and Soviet challenge —the traditional proneness of Europe to internal conflict was obscured. Now that the debility has vanished, the question of Europe's future takes a new form—new compared to what it was twenty years ago; not so new when compared to what it has largely been over a period of centuries.

In this light, it may be seen that the principal failing of NATO is that it has tried to build a military structure without a political base. It has sought to superimpose a military form on a geographical complex lacking political and economic unity. This suggests that it may be difficult to bring security to Europe, whether that effort goes by the name of NATO or anything else, until Europe itself becomes a cohesive economic and political community. For the problem is not now, any more than it has ever been, an exclusive one of defending Europe from the outside. The problem is still how to make Europe safe for itself.

This does not mean that there is no threat from the outside. But the problem of Europe's future, which is what NATO is concerned with, cannot be separated from the problem of creating a viable European community, a community with which the United States must have the closest relationship, and probably an organic one. At the same time, the United States should leave no doubt about the fact that such a grouping is not a white man's club separated from the rest of the world. The aim would be to further world harmony by bringing harmony to its regions.

Basically, of course, all nations and all regions must come together in the United Nations for the proper functioning of the world community, since the world community comes first. For beyond the need for regional association and integration is the need for a world order possessing the attributes of workable and enforceable law. I will return to this theme in a moment. Right now, I want to emphasize that one of NATO's main problems is that it was created to meet a situation that no longer exists—at least, not in the form it did a decade or more ago.

The new prominence of France in the affairs of the Continent, and the resurgence of West Germany, are only two factors that have radically changed the original situation confronting NATO.

SEVENTEEN years ago, most Western policy-planners believed the overriding need was to build and maintain adequate defenses until changes in the leadership and basic development of the Soviet Union would also produce changes in Soviet foreign policy—changes looking to a less hostile relationship with the West, a relationship which would not eliminate competition or challenge but would seek to keep that competition from becoming combustible. Many of these hoped-for changes have in fact already occurred. These changes call for a new order of response. These changes, however, are not fully reflected in the present framework and philosophy of NATO.

The Soviet Union has known three shifts of leadership since the death of Stalin in 1953. It is possible to perceive in all these shifts a central and continuing theme in foreign policy that is markedly different from what it was up to

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that time. The old policy was a combination of aggressive ideological penetration, military expansionism, and the personal, irrational, quixotic policies of Josef Stalin. The Stalin policy, if we are to judge by later criticisms made by Soviet leaders themselves, had brought the Soviet Union to the point of bureaucratic breakdown. Industrial and agricultural production was far behind urgent needs. The housing program was retarded to the point of being scandalous.

THE Khrushchev denunciation of Stalin seems to have had as its prime purpose not just the need to downgrade a national hero but the need to clear off the incompetent and unworkable approaches and techniques that had grown up under him. The two main objectives of the Khrushchev policy were 1) to improve the domestic economic situation; 2) to seek an accommodation with the West as part of a fundamental reorientation of Soviet policy.

The first of these objectives clearly reflected the growing discontent among the people. A decade had passed since the end of the war, enough time, certainly, to have eased the miserable housing conditions, with families having to share small apartments and with millions of people, quite literally, living in cellars. Shortages of food and clothing were scarcely less severe. Before World War II, the excuse had been that it was too soon after the revolution to expect an upgrading in the standard of living; there was too much to do in building a nation. After the war, it was the destruction. But there came a point when excuses such as these failed to impress.

Whether or not an upheaval was in the making, or whether an upheaval would even have been possible, the vital fact is that the new Soviet leadership gave top priority to the national economy in 1956. But a large part of the Soviet productive capacity was being diverted into the manufacture of weapons. This reason figured prominently in the attempt to improve relations with the West. For only in a situation of reduced tensions could there be cutbacks in arms spending and production.

There was, however, yet another major reason for the attempt at a degree of accommodation with the West. This was the looming, bulging fact of Communist China. A struggle was coming up for leadership of the Communist world. China, with its vast population, and its role as the largest of the world's nations to have torn free from Western colonial rule, saw itself as the prime shaper of the Communist future, especially in Asia and Africa.

Underlying and intensifying the ideological struggle for power, of course, was a fundamental historical situation. Czarist Russia had grabbed large chunks of land from China. And the Soviet rulers were making it clear they were holding on to everything they had. Just on the level of nation versus nation, there was more than enough cause for deep friction between the two countries. Communist China, in all its references to the Soviet Union, and in its own philosophy, regarded the Soviet Union as part of the Western world from which the suppressed peoples of the globe had to free themselves.

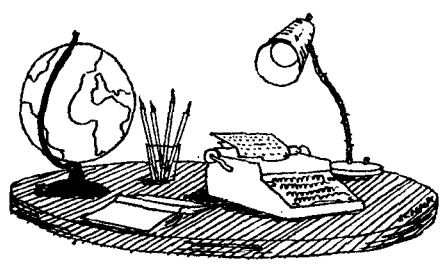
Under these circumstances, the Soviet Union was forced to undertake its own agonizing reappraisal of foreign policy. It seems clear that out of that reappraisal came a calculated decision in which the long-term interests of the Soviet Union were held to lie more closely with Europe and the United States than with Communist China—at least, so long as the Chinese leadership persisted in its claim to world ideological leadership and in its demands for return of all property seized under Czarist Russia.

This is the general background against which the Soviet willingness to enter into a test-ban treaty and other agreements can be viewed.

The evidence is strong that the war in Vietnam has blocked further de-icing in the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. Even though the Soviet Union has no interest in seeing Communist China expand into Southeast Asia, an even larger consideration is represented by the need inside the Communist world to come to the aid of one of its members, in this case, Vietnam. We should not assume, however, that Vietnam should be regarded as an absolute barrier to effective agreements between the United States and the Soviet Union. There may be considerable advantage in at least exploring the possibility of accord in the following areas:

► *East-West Trade:* The Soviet Union needs goods. The United States needs to improve its balance of payments. Trade is in the interest of both nations.

► *Direct Air Connection:* The terms of an agreement for direct air service between New York and Moscow have been worked out. The greater the opportunity the peoples of both countries have to visit each other, the greater the possibilities for basic understanding that can contribute to mutual security.



► *Relations with Central Europe:* The United States should explore all possibilities for further improvement in its relations with the countries of Central Europe. We must never forget that the greatest possible contact with the peoples of those countries is consistent with their long-term interests and our own.

► *Comprehensive Ban on Nuclear Testing:* If it is true that new advances in instrumentation now make an extended treaty more negotiable than under the situation existing a few years ago, such an agreement would be in the national interest.

► *Heading Off the Spread of Nuclear Weapons:* No insecurity will be greater than will be represented by a situation in which a dozen or more nations will possess nuclear explosives and the means to deliver them. Similarly, no shift in the balance of world power will be greater than when a substantial number of nations have access to nuclear bombs. The fact that some nations may have vastly more powerful bombs than others will not constitute either a persuasive margin of superiority or a deterrent to the ambitions or fears of those nations that are tempted to use atomic force. Since a relatively small number of bombs can accomplish a given purpose, the surplus number of bombs available, whatever their potency, will not necessarily be regarded as the vital ingredient in national decisions.

► *Joint Proposals for Upgrading the Machinery of the U.N.:* If the Soviet Union is still interested in establishing closer relationships with the West, a good arena for accomplishing this aspiration should be the United Nations. An attempt should be made to sound out Soviet willingness to participate in talks aimed at strengthening the U.N.

NOTHING in these items of possible accord should cause the United States and the Soviet Union to minimize their ideological differences. Certainly, the United States should feel under no compulsion to lower its voice when it talks about the meaning of human freedom. Nor should the United States assume that the Soviet Union will be any less energetic in advancing its own ideas as to the best methods for organizing human society.

But there is one basic point on which the United States and the Soviet Union can agree. Whatever their fundamental differences, they have to find a way to keep these differences from setting the world on fire. It is both in the national

(*Continued on page 40*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

India's Travail

RARELY in my readings over the past six years in the United States have I come across such a revealing and touching article as that by Marshall Fishwick, "India's Long Hot Summer" [*SR*, July 16]. One has to have almost spiritual power to reach the heart of that vast, dormant subcontinent.

It was gratifying to learn that someone has the ability to reach beyond the political, social, and economic problems of India, and perceive the people as they fight their many problems.

SHEEL B. PAWAR,
University of Utah.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE STATEMENT attributed to Nehru, "But I refuse to be blown off my feet," is in fact one of Gandhi's.

Also, I wish to point out that, after independence, the government made no attempt to discourage the teaching of English, as Mr. Fishwick suggests. In fact, this alien language flourished more after emancipation than before. Some of the Indian languages have incorporated English words in their vocabulary. In Punjabi, for instance, such words as *station, rail, cigarette, school, master,* etc., are in common use.

No problem lends itself to an easy solution, much less the language problem.

SURINDER GUJRAL.
Arlington, Va.

On the Causes of Peace

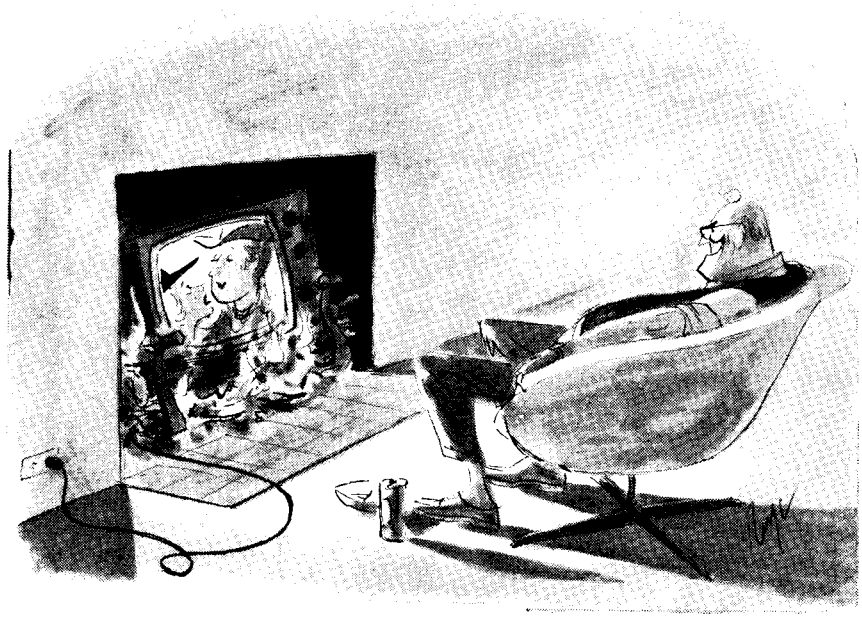
JOHN F. WHARTON's otherwise excellent article on "The Causes of Peace" [*SR*, July 2] needs correction on two points.

His stricture on the position of Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn set out in *World Peace Through World Law* is certainly true of their earlier position. They did propose to limit the power of a world federal government merely to keeping the peace. This was not because they thought that this was all the world needed but because they believed, I think, that only a very limited plan could be "sold" to the American public at that time. In the second edition they call for a World Development Authority precisely to meet the basic need of the underdeveloped countries.

The second point has to do with the World Peace Through Law movement. This is the work of Charles Rhyne and his associates and the legal organizations in various parts of the world. It is quite true that their earlier program did envision a kind of "gentleman's agreement law" without any apparatus for revision or enforcement. But the papers read at their second congress in Washington last September revealed a very definite change, and the realization that effective law would necessarily involve some form of world authority.

Mr. Wharton has contributed to the enlightenment of a great problem.

REV. G. G. GRANT, S.J.,
Loyola University.
Chicago, Ill.



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Wharton replies—It is quite true that Clark and Sohn now call for a World Development Authority, but this Authority would have only economic powers. This is not enough. It has finally become clear that man does not live by bread alone; spiritual needs (civil rights) are equally important. Any government without power to deal with these will be unattractive to at least two billion people.*

If Charles Rhyne has changed his views as to the need of something more than "gentlemen's agreement law," I am most happy to hear it. Although I have disagreed with much of his program, I have contributed to it from the beginning, and I shall now follow it with even more interest.

THE "PRELIMINARY DRAFT of a World Constitution," which appeared in connection with the article "A Proposal to History" [*SR*, Apr. 3, 1948], is now included in a publication of The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions called, "A Constitution for the World," and makes must reading for Homo sapiens. Translation into other languages is especially desirable, but this requires assistance. Meanwhile the writer, at 63 East 9th Street, New York, is encouraging world-wide distribution.

FOSTER PARMELEE,
Secretary,
Campaign for a World Constitution.
New York, N.Y.

They Also Remember Adlai

PLEASE ACCEPT warm gratitude expressed on behalf of the many thousands of your readers who were deeply moved by the eloquent tribute of Elmo Roper to Adlai Stevenson [*SR*, July 9]. Mr. Roper has truly put in perspective Stevenson's greatest achievement, "His lasting imprint on American society."

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.
Spokane, Wash.

PLEASE ACCEPT my thanks and appreciation for saying so well what those of us less gifted with words have felt deeply during the year since the death of Adlai Stevenson. The tribute was one that Adlai himself could have written about another great American.

SEYMOUR B. STISS.
Arlington, Va.

THE CONCLUSION Elmo Roper arrived at in his tribute to Adlai Stevenson was the most conclusive I have seen about the influence of this great man. I congratulate him.

FAIRFAX M. CONE,
Chairman of the Executive Committee
Foote, Cone, & Belding, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

I THINK that this is one of the finest interpretations of Adlai Stevenson's contributions which I have seen in print.

ROBERT A. PEATTIE, JR.,
President,
Travel Research International.
New York, N.Y.

THE TRIBUTE to Adlai Stevenson is a permanent contribution to a living memory.

ERNEST ANGELL.
New York, N.Y.

IT IS an extremely well written and sensitive tribute.

CASS CANFIELD,
Chairman of the Executive Committee
HARPER & ROW, INC.
New York, N.Y.

I REMEMBER Adlai Stevenson as the man who would have been our greatest President.

JONATHAN MITTELL.
South Duxbury, Mass.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Crowned with the Shame of Men

IN A recent piece in the *New York Times Book Review* Benjamin DeMott commented on what he called the "headlessness" of Mark Twain: "In the world of large theories and thoughts he was a bundle of banal contradictions." In this respect, DeMott continues, Mark Twain was representative of our most admired writers. "Who is unaware," he asks, "that imaginative immediacy, not brainiess, is the American thing, our excellence, the wonder of our books? Let it be said—by meanness or by truth—that Anderson, Dreiser, Hemingway, Faulkner, most of the heroic lot, are as men of mind puerile."

DeMott is not disparaging the writings of Mark Twain or of the other authors he names; on the contrary, he expresses hearty admiration of their virtues; but he suggests that intelligence may be a virtue too. Saul Bellow, in his speech accepting his second National Book Award and in other literary comments, has been saying something of the same sort, urging writers to try thinking for a change. Perhaps not many great writers in all literary history have had great intellects, but some have. In a time of confusion such as the present it is not surprising that most novelists and poets not only don't think but believe that thinking is futile. It is not surprising, but it may be dangerous.

John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* (Doubleday, $6.95) is, among other things, a philosophical novel. In the present state of our culture, I'm afraid, saying this may scare people away; so I quickly add that the book is funny, bawdy, exciting, and in general entertaining. But it remains true that Barth has made effective use of what he knows about history, politics, science, philosophy, religion, and psychology. In his first novel, *The Floating Opera,* Barth showed an impressive mastery of form, and in his third, *The Sot-Weed Factor,* he unleashed a remarkable inventiveness. The second novel, *End of the Road,* doesn't quite come off, but, as I pointed out in LITERARY HORIZONS for July 3, 1965, we can see in all three novels the workings of a lively mind. Now, in *Giles Goat-Boy,* on which he has been working for five or six years, Barth has deliberately set out to make the best possible use of his intellectual faculties.

Giles Goat-Boy is a kind of modern *Pilgrim's Progress,* though many episodes are more reminiscent of Rabelais than of Bunyan. The pilgrim is an unusual figure, a young man who spent his boyhood with a herd of goats. He begins his narrative:

> George is my name; my deeds have been heard of in Tower Hall, and my childhood has been chronicled in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology.* I am he that was called in those days Billy Bocksfuss—cruel misnomer. For had I indeed a cloven foot I'd not now hobble upon a stick or need ride pick-a-back to class in humid weather. Aye, it was just for want of a proper hoof that in my fourteenth year I was the kicked instead of the kicker; that I lay crippled on the reeking peat and saw my first love tupped by a brute Angora. Mercy on that buck who butted me from one world to another; whose fell horns turned my sweetheart's fancy, drove me from the pasture, and set me gimping down the road I travel yet. This bare brow, shame of my kidship, he crowned with the shame of men: I bade farewell to my hornless goathood and struck out, a hornèd human student for Commencement Gate.

George's keeper was "Maximilian Spielman, the great Mathematical Psycho-Proctologist and former Minority Leader in the College Senate." In political disgrace, Max became senior goatherd and acquired not only a fondness for goats but also a high regard: "Der goats is humaner than der men, and der men is goatisher than der goats." (Max's goats are rather like Gulliver's Houyhnhnms.) George's early observations on the differences between human beings and goats, particularly in their sexual behavior, are shrewd as well as funny, and throughout the book he often adopts what he would call the caprine point of view.

After the unfortunate incident with the Angora brute, George's pilgrimage begins, and this makes it necessary for Barth to establish his allegorical framework. The world is a university, with several divisions, of which the West Campus and the East Campus are the most powerful. New Tammany College, to which George is bound, is the most important part of West Campus. The university has experienced two Campus Riots and is now in the midst of the Quiet Riot. In the Second Campus Riot the Bonifacists of Siegfrieder College slaughtered millions of Moishians. The riot ended when New Tammany College used WESCAC to destroy many Amaterus. Max, one of the scientists who created WESCAC, is still full of guilt.

As they proceed towards New Tammany College, Max and George have many adventures. Since George has made up his mind that he wants to be

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a human being, Max gives him instruction and he learns rapidly. (Among other things, he learns that, as it says in the Founder's Scroll, "self-knowledge is always bad news.") In time George decides that he wants to be not merely a human being but a hero. Indeed, he declares himself a candidate for Grand Tutor—other Grand Tutors having been Moishe (Moses), Enos Enoch (Jesus), Maios (Socrates), Sakhyan (Buddha), and T'ang (Confucius).

In the course of his pilgrimage George encounters various persons who play a part in his subsequent exploits. There is Anastasia, a beautiful and remarkably compliant young woman, whom he "mounts," to use his caprine terminology, as part of a ceremony taking place at a banquet given by her husband. The husband, Stoker, is a satanic figure, who manages the Powerhouse and is sometimes known as "Dean o' Flunks." Eblis Eierkopf is a former Bonifacist—he "didn't care which side he worked for as long as he could have the best laboratories"—and one of the scientists responsible for WESCAC. Reginald Hector, a former Chancellor of New Tammany College, was a leading general in Campus Riot II before he ran for office. Kennard Sear is a psychiatrist who boasts of his successful marriage, based on the principle that anything goes. Peter Greene, a rich businessman, is a master of benevolent platitudes and ruthless deeds. Later on George meets Harold Bray, his rival for the Grand Tutorship. Bray is the most ambiguous of all the characters, but none of them

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 120

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1200 will be found in the next issue.

OH PTODOHQ T BIAMSDZTY

NODR URSSMS, TXNTEM XSTJS

ZIIB VIZ DRS BIAMS.

—R. R. BAHZI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1199

Solvency is entirely a matter of temperament and not of income.

—L. P. SMITH.

John Barth—"funny, bawdy, exciting."

is merely what he seems to be at first glance.

As a candidate for Grand Tutor, George—now calling himself Giles—has to pass a series of tests, like the ordeals so common in legends and fairy tales. At first he gets along swimmingly, but suddenly there is a sharp reversal, with Bray outdoing Giles. The latter then reinterprets his instructions and makes a new start.

The villain of the piece, so to speak, is WESCAC, which is a giant computer but more than that, for it can EAT people (Electroencephalic Amplification and Transmission). In other words, it is the equivalent of the hydrogen bomb, but not merely that. Unless I am mistaken, WESCAC represents technology itself. Max Spielman, though one of the creators of WESCAC, came to fear it when he realized that it was serving its own rather than humanity's purposes. Frightened that EASCAC might overcome WESCAC, the generals gave the latter even more power, so that it became autonomous. Eierkopf invented NOCTIS (Non-Conceptual Thinking and Intuitional Synthesis) and then he and Dr. Sear developed GILES (Grand-tutorial Ideal: Laboratory Eugenical Selection) of which George Goat-Boy was the first and so far only fruit—hence his calling himself Giles.

In the course of his struggle with various persons and with WESCAC itself, Giles learns a series of lessons. Because of Max's teachings, Giles has no trouble in rejecting Eierkopf's faith in the godlike powers of science, and he is untempted by the easy optimism of Chancellor Rexford, which he contrasts with Sophocles's tragic view of life. At this point, outraged by Rexford's conscienceless compromises and worship of consensus, he demands sharp distinctions: "It's like Stoker, or the Dean o' Flunks, or a terrible disease; if you do business with these things, they always win. *Extreme in the mean* is what you've got to be, and not compromise even for a second with Flunkage, or let opposites get confused. An arch won't do between True and False; they've got to be cut with an edge as sharp as the Infinite Divisor, and separated." Later, however, chastened by failure, he finds a revelation in the words from the Seminar-on-the-Hill: "Passèd are the flunked." "Passage *was* Failure, and Failure Passage: yet Passage was Passage, Failure Failure! Equally true, none was the Answer; the two were not different, neither were they the same; and *true* and *false*, and *same* and *different*—Unspeakable! Unnamable! Unimaginable!" It is no wonder that he adds, "Surely my mind must crack!" But there are answers after that, and questions after the answers.

WHATEVER else is true, the book, as I am sure my inadequacies have indicated, is not easy to summarize. A long book, it is full of riches of many sorts. At the beginning, for example, there is an elaborate hocus-pocus about the manuscript, involving amusing reports by various editors. When George goes to see *Taliped Decanus*, Barth provides an up-to-date translation-paraphrase-parody of *Oedipus Rex*. The satire slashes this way and that. Chancellor Hector sounds a good deal like President Eisenhower, and Chancellor Rexford not unlike President Johnson. Peter Greene carries the lingo of Madison Avenue to a ludicrous extreme: "No gosh durn good," he says. "What I mean, Truth-Beauty-and-Goodnesswise, y'know." He says of The Living Sakhyan: "Man, he's the gosh-durn *most*, what I mean *wise*wise." Dr. Sear, the permissive psychiatrist, says, "I do despise myself, of course. What other feeling is there, for a man both intelligent and honest? I can't take anybody seriously who doesn't loathe himself."

As an allegory, the book is as ambitious as Herman Melville's *Mardi* and considerably more coherent. At the center, of course, is the Quiet Riot (Cold War), with both the Student Unionists (Communists) and the Informationalists (professed believers in democracy) behaving ridiculously and risking the destruction of the entire university. Underlying this conflict is the problem of technology, the problem of whether the machine is servant or master of men. And underlying that problem are great philosophical issues concerning the nature of man and the nature of the cos-

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mos. The literature of Greece and Rome, the world's great religions, and the embattled philosophies, past and present, are all brought into the story of the progress—if it can be called progress—of this strange pilgrim.

At the outset Max explains to Bill—later George, later Giles—why he brought him up as a goat:

> Every day I looked at the human school-kids that visited the barns; they were good children, pretty children, full of passions and curiosity: I'd ask one who he was, and he'd say, "I'm Johnny So-and-So, and my daddy's a gunner in the NTC Navy, and when I grow up I'm going to be a famous scientist and EAT the Nikolayans." Then I'd ask Brickett Ranunculus, that was just a young buck then, "Who are *you?*" and he'd twitch one ear and go on eating his hay. There it was, Bill. On one side the Nine Symphonies and the Twelve-Term Riot; Enos Enoch and the Bonifacists! On the other side, Brickett Ranunculus eating his mash and not even knowing there's such a thing as knowledge. I'd watch you frisking with Mary's kids, that never were going to hear what *true* and *false* is, and then I'd look at the wretchedest man on campus, that wrote *The Theory of the University* and loves every student in it, but killed ten thousand with a single Brainwave! [Max is referring to himself.] So! Well! I decided my Bill had better be a goat, for his own good, he should never have to wonder who he is!

But Bill chooses to be a man, faces the human predicament, and struggles to deal with it in a decisive way. If I say that Barth has used his intellect, it is not because I am ready to accept all his answers—I'm not even sure what some of them are—but because I think he has dared to ask himself the right questions. In his earlier work, especially *The Sot-Weed Factor*, he demonstrated that he had great stylistic resources. Now he has employed all his literary powers in a work on a grand scale, a highly ambitious attempt to show to his readers man and man's fate as he understands them.

I have necessarily given only a partial account of the book. There can be endless speculation as to who represents whom and what represents what. Barth knows that, as the saying goes, one can't expect an allegory to walk on all four legs; his is sometimes a cripple and sometimes a centipede. If the book is as good as I believe, literary experts will be writing exegeses and providing footnotes for years to come. In the meantime I trust it will be read and enjoyed. Sometimes, as Giles discovers, it is difficult to distinguish between failure and success. If this isn't a great success, as at the moment I think, it is a great failure. One way or the other, there is greatness in it. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Clark the Dean

DAVID DEMPSEY'S ARTICLE "One for the Road" [*SR*, July 16] has an astonishing omission. In naming prominent travel writers no mention is made of the dean of them all—Sydney Clark (Dodd, Mead)—whose *Best in the Mediterranean* and other "Bests" have been standard guides.

Mr. Dempsey writes: ". . . Temple Fielding, David Dodge, and Myra Waldo write in a highly personal style, which is missing in most travel guides." Mr. Clark's style is also personal, vastly entertaining, and always informatively up to date.

RUTH WOLFE FULLER.

Newton, Mass.

DAVID DEMPSEY is a bit careless in his statements about Michelin. "Unlike Mobil or Shell, Michelin promotes the burning of rubber rather than of gasoline. (The Guides are, in fact, published by a tire factory in Paris.)" The principal factories of the Michelin company are in Clermont-Ferrand, where members of the family have been in the rubber business for well over a century. The company is, of course, mainly engaged in the manufacture and sale of tires; but in addition to their guides, they produce a large number of detailed maps, not only of France but of other countries; and in collaboration with the Total company, they promote the burning of gasoline.

KARL W. DYKEMA.

Youngstown, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Michelin Guides are published at 97 Boulevard Pereire, Paris. Mr. Dykema is correct in locating the tire factory in Clermont-Ferrand.*

Literature of the Absurd

KENNETH T. YOUNG'S REVIEW of Ellen Hammer's *Vietnam: Yesterday and Today* [*SR*, July 16] is damaging, if not fatal, to my faith that knowledge and understanding will help to avoid disastrous political mistakes or, at least, to correct them when they are made because of inadequate and/or inaccurate knowledge.

Everyone, except, of course, those who initially formulated and those who continue to perpetuate U.S. Vietnam policy, are agreed that the policy was, and is, a disastrous mistake. Yet Mr. Young records that an earlier study of Miss Hammer served him ". . . indispensably . . . during the baffling beginnings" of U.S. intervention in Vietnam, without making clear why, if Miss Hammer's book was such an "important contribution to our knowledge of Vietnam," the beginnings should have been so "baffling."

Now Mr. Young wants us to believe that Miss Hammer's "second important contribution to our knowledge of Vietnam" will enable the U.S. taxpayers to get their "money's worth out of the billions being poured into Vietnam [when] every G. I. [has] become familiar with [*Vietnam: Yesterday and Today*] as with his rifle." The possibility of either U.S. taxpayers getting their money's worth from U.S. intervention in Vietnam or G.Is. reading Miss Hammer's book are subjects for significant contributions to the literature of the Absurd.

E. F. PATTERSON.

Davidson, N.C.

Literate Stylist

I WAS INCENSED by Kenneth F. Boynton's snarling attack on Emile Capouya's use of English [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, July 16] even before I read the latter's exquisite review of Ralph Bates's *The Olive Field*, but now I am simply infuriated. What the carping Mr. Boynton should bewail is his own semi-literacy—not the effective writing of this excellent craftsman.

The levelers of American education have made Mr. Boynton's condition all too prevalent, and only such magazines as *SR*, which have the courage (and the readership) to make it possible for them to employ literate stylists, are keeping the standards of English usage from sinking further.

FLORENCE JEANNE GOODMAN.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

Nimiety

ONE DOES NOT EXPECT from your excellent magazine the kind of book review in depth to be found in, say, a literary quarterly. But neither does one expect to read a review therein—Justin O'Brien's reflections on Maurois's biography of Balzac [*SR*, July 9]—that sounds more like a cliché-strewn publisher's puff than an evaluation by a sensitive scholar. The superficiality of the piece was disappointing enough; its nimiety was downright embarrassing. . . .

And as an example of what he calls Maurois's gift for the "lapidary aphorism" he quotes the following lapidary gem: "Every woman who loves an artist is condemned sooner or later to suffering."

RALPH BERKEY.

Kerhonkson, N.Y.

A Boy's Civil War

IN HIS REVIEW OF *Harold Frederic's Stories of York State* [*SR*, June 11] Richard H. Goldstone seems to overlook the fact that Harold Frederic was only five years old at the start of the Civil War and eight years old when it ended. How could an infant, living in a Northern state, possibly know, firsthand, the horrors of war?

VIRGINIA ROSE SMITH.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

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European Literary Scene

Moscow.

Literary colloquies with professors of Moscow University and the Gorky Institute of World Literature were, as to be expected, seasoned with political asides. Invited to the Prague Restaurant by several amiable scholars and writers who had collaborated at the Gorky Institute with the imprisoned Sinyavsky, I was interested to find no sympathy among his former colleagues for this ailing exile. Why? "Because Sinyavsky was a hypocrite. He complained of Russia outside this country, whereas here he often accused the rest of us of not being Communist enough." Also, "to his fellow-workers he denied any knowledge of Abram Tertz, even when most of us had guessed his secret." For some reason many Russians resent also Sinyavsky's choice of a Jewish pen-name. Yevtushenko was not entirely wrong about the existence of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, as a visitor sooner or later observes.

Why, then, did Valeriy Tarsis get such better treatment? "Because Tarsis was not a hypocrite. He was consistent in what he said of the régime, both inside and outside Russia."

I reminded my genial hosts that Russia was now too secure a nation to perpetuate its earlier custom of making martyrs of her writers, just as she is so secure that they should stop locking the windows in train compartments, leaving the traveler to sweat, stifle, and curse.

The student of foreign or comparative literature in Russia still faces the difficulty in acquiring foreign books which I chronicled last year from Leningrad. Not one bookstore in Moscow sells a Shakespeare printed in England or a Dante from Italy, except for two shops with a limited selection of secondhand books of random origin. A few volumes from France are found in one store. Books, especially technical ones, from the "socialist democracies" and Ulbricht's Germany are sold in two or three shops. The handful of works by American authors available in English turn out to have been printed in Russia. (I purchased a *Babbitt* for eventual textual confrontation with the original.) This anomalous situation, it was explained, is due not to censorship but to the West's disinclination to be paid in rubles. Anyway, one professor rationalized, only one bookstore in New York sells books printed in the USSR.

A check of the card-catalogue of the vast Lenin Library (with a reported 14,000,000 volumes) reveals a better situation. Readers have access to foreign editions of even authors *non grati* in Russia. Joyce was well represented by his own works and by several critical studies on him. Even Jean Genet, disliked here despite Sartre's sanctification of him, boasts half a dozen file cards, although four of his plays are for some reason available only in German. No red tape, by the way, slowed down the issuance of a library card. I was granted one within five minutes.

The moppets of Moscow are continually asking foreigners for chewing gum. As I was wondering why the Soviet state forbids this simple item, I suddenly remembered Trotsky's essay condemning chewing gum as a sort of betel nut of the people, foisted on them by capitalists to lull them into submissiveness.

All writers depend for survival on the continuing criticism, kind or harsh, of succeeding generations in their country. Their fame is jeopardized when criticism, like politics, becomes monolithic, and the worst type of censorship—silence—is imposed. Karel Capek (1890-1938), Czechoslovakia's most engaging playwright, has suffered such neglect. Alexander Matuska's *Karel Capek* (Allen & Unwin) was written for Czechoslovaks of the present generation. It is cautious, almost niggardly. If the Czech poet Laco Novomeskj has of late been demanding total abolition of censorship, Matuska is not counting on this eventuality. Capek deserves more fulsome praise. His celebrated *R.U.R.*, satirizing mechanization in modern society, worried early Communists, who claimed they could create a new man through changing man's environment. They were even more nervous over Capek's *Conversations with Masaryk* (first president of the Czech Republic). The witty novelist, storyteller, linguist, and translator died during the Nazi occupation of Prague. An enemy of the machine, including the war machine in the hands of the state, he saw man's survival only in a simple life adhering to the secular laws of nature.

Recently the journalist Jas Gavronski, representing Rome's *Fiera letteraria*, visited Capek's widow, Olga, in the Prague villa that still bears a plaque reading "Dr. Capek." Three years ago Mme. Capek predicted that a "rehabilitation" of her late husband would be impossible. Now she admits that his books, after fetching astronomical prices on the black market, are being reprinted with the censor's permission and selling well.

One can imagine the years Bartlett put into his monumental *Shakespeare Concordance*. The computer is now taking over the laborious compilations of the complete vocabulary of given authors, with America leading in this useful endeavor. However, the University of Besançon has just completed a concordance of Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal*, with some curious results. To deliver his diabolic message Baudelaire required 30,741 words. Among those appearing most often are *oeil* (147 times), *coeur* (142), *ciel* (85), *beau* (82), *grand* (76), *âme* (72), *noir* (65), *vieux* (64), *soleil* (63), and *amour* (60). The litanist of evil used the word *mal* only thirteen times, relegating it to 209th position in this index.

It was Baudelaire himself, as the *Figaro littéraire* aptly recalls, who wrote: "To divine the soul of a poet or at least his principal concern, let us seek in his works which word or words are represented most frequently therein. The word will reveal the obsession." From the word-frequency above we meet a new Baudelaire, a poet obsessed by heartiness, heaven, greatness, beauty, soulfulness, sunlight, and love. The computer may eventually require the rewriting of all our standard histories of literature.

Two fine performances at Vienna's Burgtheater this summer season filled the hall. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, reviving Boccaccio's message that any one of the great religions can be, if believed in, the one true faith, seemed to me an anodyne, even complacent play. Not so Günter Grass's disturbing *Die Plebejer proben den Aufstand* ("The Masses Rehearse the Rebellion"), which I have been waiting to see staged since I mentioned it in these columns last year. To me the greatest irony of Grass's tragedy is that all the techniques and realia which the late Piscator put into his theater of protest are brought to bear, not against the West and its values, but against the régime of Spitzbart (Ulbricht) and his Vopos, under which both Piscator and Brecht

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flourished. Poor Bertolt Brecht, who provided some of the actual lines of Grass's play (taken from Brecht's translation of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*), becomes the victim of Spitzbart during the East Berlin insurrection. It is all very Orwellian seeing Der Chef (the director—actually an impersonation of Brecht) almost hanged on stage for espousing the political principles to which he clung and the values he had served. Hoisted, as it were, by his own petard.

Surely the most amusing reading in Italy at the moment is Riccardo Morbelli's anthology of Italian superstitions and prejudices entitled *Il Toccaferro* ("The Iron Toucher"), or "Vademecum of the Wholly Superstitious Man" (Rizzoli). Here is a real treasure of information on the Evil Eye, the meaning of dreams, fortune-telling by cards, prenatal divination of sex, prayers to catch a husband, and the like. Two typical items: (1) To protect yourself from someone with the Evil Eye (suspect him if his eyebrows grow together) you may rely on amulets (horns, nails, keys, horseshoes, red cloth), or on gestures (forming horns with your fingers, touching iron or intimate parts of your body, closing your fist with thumb between fore- and middle finger in the obscene gesture known to Italians after Dante as that of Vanni Fucci. (2) A wound sustained during a new moon is slower to heal; a March moon is favorable to bottling wine; an August moon keeps eggs fresh longer; if you were conceived during a new moon, or sleep out under a full summer moon on a Wednesday or Friday, you risk becoming a lycanthrope, or werewolf, and may start howling, rolling about, and thinking of having your friends for dinner.

Superstitions may be, as Edmund Burke humorlessly put it, the religion of the poor in spirit. But as Morbelli makes amply clear, our society, history, and even psychology would be much impoverished without them.

In Rome I decided to test whether rumors of the death of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* were greatly exaggerated. I chose the quasi-official ecclesiastical bookstore across the street from the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. Brandishing a traveler's check, I asked to buy a copy of the latest edition of the *Index*. In an exultant chorus of Quattrocento plainchant three clerks assured me that there was no such thing as an *Index* any more. The demise of this list, kept erratically up to date since 1564, is an important evidence of the current *aggiornamento* of the Church which we should note with satisfaction. The copy I bought two or three years ago is, *Deo gratias*, now a collector's item. —ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

Indictment of Ideas

On Trial: The Soviet State Versus "Abram Tertz" and "Nikolai Arzhak," *translated from the Russian and edited by Max Hayward (Harper & Row. 183 pp. $4.95), presents a purported partial transcript of proceedings against the two writers whose works were smuggled out of the USSR and published in the West. Marshall MacDuffie, author of "The Red Carpet," was formerly chief counsel to the U.S. Senate Committee on Constitutional Rights.*

By MARSHALL MACDUFFIE

ANDREI SINYAVSKY and Yuli Daniel are prominent Soviet writers who in February 1966 were tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for seven and five years respectively.

Their "crime" was the publication abroad of books under the pseudonyms "Abram Tertz" and "Nicolai Arzhak." The prosecution argued in the second highest court in the land that the works were "hostile" and "slanderous" and usable by "enemies for propaganda purposes."

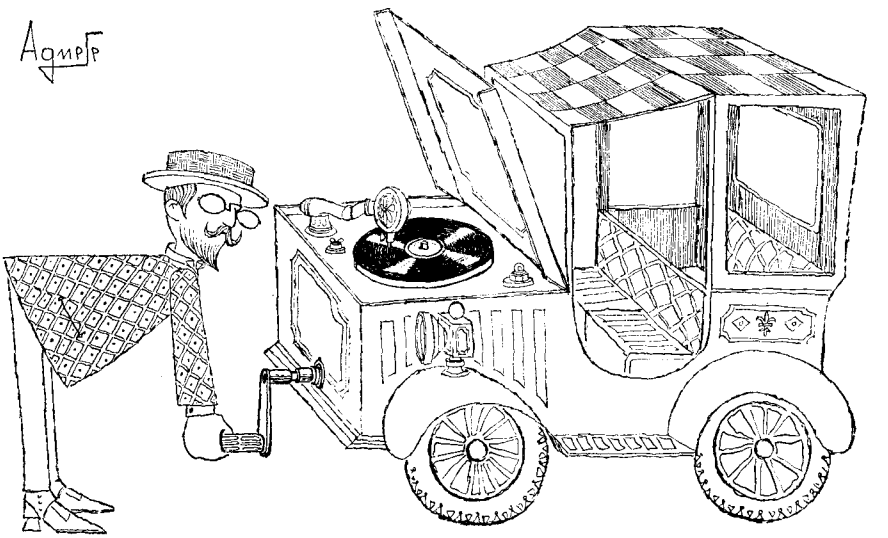
Max Hayward, an Oxford professor with an extensive background in Soviet literature, presents in *On Trial* what purports to be an actual partial record of the trial. "The transcript . . . reached the West by undisclosed channels, but is of indubitable authenticity. The genuineness of the material is corroborated by the scant official reports of the proceedings in the Soviet press and by other, unofficial reports of Western correspondents, etc." Hayward's book consists of an excellent background introduction, stirring testimony and final pleas by the defendants, and a venomous pretrial article published by one of their literary "accusers." Whether there was testimony by others, cross-examination, and summation by lawyers and judge is uncertain.

That the record is authentic is a large assumption. Hayward makes a persuasive argument but, because of tight Soviet censorship, it can only be viewed as extremely plausible.

The case as presented in *On Trial* may rank with that of Sacco and Vanzetti, with the distinction that it was a criminal trial mainly concerned with literary ideas rather than criminal acts (though it is recognized that Sacco and Vanzetti were implicitly condemned for their political ideas). The book reveals the defendants to be brave, acute, learned, and witty. The testimony ranges over the history of Russian and Soviet literature as well as certain political events during Soviet rule. It is illuminating, its difficulties relieved by Hayward's extensive, exemplary footnotes.

Daniel admitted that the smuggling abroad of the articles was "illegal" and "unethical." Sinyavsky denied illegality but conceded that the acts were "unethical." In their defense they maintained that the ideas of individual characters in their works, such as an "alcoholic" or a "madman," should not be construed as those of the writers. They further claimed that portrayal of ten bad characters is not an indictment of the entire Soviet Union.

The conduct of the trial will be shocking to those familiar with Anglo-Saxon



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legal traditions: assumptions by judge and prosecutor flatly stated as facts, hearsay evidence galore, the use of tendentious articles by others as "evidence," responding to the defendants' arguments with silence rather than rebuttal, the frequent use of out-of-context quotations, and vitriolic pre-trial publicity announcing the guilt of the defendants. (Our Supreme Court recently sent back for new trial the case of Dr. Samuel Sheppard because of the prejudicial publicity he received.)

But the defendants stood up sharply to their accusers and made it clear that this "remarkable case . . . is unprecedented in the annals of Russian literature." The trial is replete with sheer invective used as governmental proof. Its vocabulary of abuse recalls Zhdanov, Stalin's onetime Soviet cultural czar, who called a leading Soviet poetess "half nun, half whore."

The barometer of Soviet political attitudes is closely related to the way officials, in a constant zig-zag, handle their artists. This case, a real witch hunt, is a step backwards, the worst yet by the new régime. Its main redeeming feature is that the defendants' vehement denunciation of Stalin and episodes under his rule are tolerated without objection by the prosecution or censure by the Judge.

The Rule of Law

The Defenses of Freedom: The Public Papers of Arthur J. Goldberg, *edited by Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Harper & Row. 342 pp. $6.95), contains speeches and Supreme Court opinions written by the author before his appointment as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. Roger Baldwin is a nongovernmental adviser to the U.N. and International Affairs Adviser to the American Civil Liberties Union.*

By ROGER BALDWIN

BESIDES Arthur Goldberg only one Supreme Court justice, James Byrnes, has abandoned that lifetime post for the uncertainties of a Presidential appointment. Both left in an emergency: world war in Byrnes's case, the death of Adlai Stevenson in Goldberg's.

It is a tribute to Goldberg and to the Johnson Administration's commitment to the U.N. that he was selected and willing. No other member State rates its obligation to the international organization so highly that it selects men of such stature as permanent representatives. No man of Goldberg's temperament could with conscience reject the opportunity to serve as Stevenson's successor.

His qualifications to represent the Administration, the spirit and purpose of the U.N. Charter, the rule of law, and the rights of man are abundantly clear in this collection of papers and court opinions edited by a former colleague, an Assistant Secretary of Labor, who has given it a title that fits the whole range of its varied contents. They cover the last half-dozen years of Goldberg's remarkable progression from counsel for the AFL-CIO to Secretary of Labor, to Supreme Court Justice, to Ambassador to the United Nations.

Among the twenty-four Supreme Court opinions cited, whether concurring or dissenting, there is not one with which any civil libertarian would disagree. A passion for equality, personal freedom, minority rights, and scrupulous judicial fairness runs through them all. Of the thirteen so-called public papers, speeches delivered over the last six years, not one was made at the United Nations. That is in order; at the United Nations the Ambassador speaks not for himself but for the Administration. But he is a policy-maker in the Administration, and in executing policy has considerable opportunity for maneuver and negotiation. Indeed, Goldberg's negotiating record in labor relations was said to be a major factor in his selection for the post. Official policy and Goldberg's convictions seem likely to coincide, as it appears that on some occasions Stevenson's did not.

AS A lawyer, Arthur Goldberg has dealt throughout his career with the human side of the law in labor relations and civil rights. His commitment to the United Nations and faith in world order come out in chapter after chapter. "The greatest adventure in history," he says, "is the effort to bring the rule of law to govern the relations between sovereign States." The chances for the United Nations to promote that adventure may seem inconsistent with the policies of a country that has ignored its pledge of collective security in favor of unilateral action. Or the rule of law may appear politically unrealistic when stretched by the United States in an attempt, which risked breaking up the U.N., to force recalcitrant Russia and France to pay their debts or lose their votes.

But Ambassador Goldberg aims at a more enduring world law than the political decisions of the moment may require. His faith in its development is buttressed by the record: since World War II "more international law has been written than in all previous history." This unquestioned fact may startle those who do not probe beneath the surface of armed nation-states and their resort to force.

This steady growth of world law is a promise of greater achievement in the Ambassador's "adventure." It must be; there is no other alternative for survival.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

E PLURIBUS XII

While you have been wondering about the state of literature, Paul S. Green of _____, D.C., has quietly been removing states from the titles of a dozen books. He asks you to complete the titles and assign the right authors. Travel guide on page 33.

_____ *Square* ( )
The Gentleman from _____ ( )
_____*!* ( )
The _____ *Woods* ( )
_____ *Interiors* ( )
Winesburg, _____ ( )
Life on the _____ ( )
Stars Fell on _____ ( )
Across the Wide _____ ( )
_____ ( )
The _____ *Trail* ( )
The _____ *Shad* ( )

1. Sherwood Anderson
2. Carl Carmer
3. Bernard De Voto
4. Henry James
5. Owen Johnson
6. James Michener
7. Francis Parkman
8. Rodgers and Hammerstein
9. Ruth Suckow
10. Booth Tarkington
11. Henry D. Thoreau
12. Mark Twain

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Civil Rights Progress

Expanding Liberties: Freedom's Gains in Postwar America, *by Milton R. Konvitz (Viking. xvii. 429 pp. $8.50), is a Constitutional history of the past quarter century, focusing on what the Supreme Court said and did. Louis M. Hacker, professor of economics at Columbia University, has been chairman of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union for more than a decade.*

By LOUIS M. HACKER

IN AN illuminating passage Milton R. Konvitz points out that it was not the much maligned "Warren Court" which suddenly gave a new and startling direction to America's Constitutional development when it handed down its unanimous decision in 1954 in the first school-segregation case, *Brown* v. *Board of Education.* Before that year, says Professor Konvitz, "the Court, in case after case, showed displeasure and impatience with racial discrimination in education and interstate passenger transportation, with covenants limiting ownership or occupancy, with denial of the rights of suffrage in general elections and in party primaries." And he goes on to demonstrate that it was Chief Justice Vinson (not exactly the man to disturb any of the eternal verities) who in 1950 showed how the old rule laid down in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* in 1896—that separate but equal facilities satisfied Constitutional requirements—could be overthrown. From thence on, events moved to a series of climaxes, the first in 1954 and the second ten years later with the passage of the Civil Rights Act.

It is this kind of observation—informed by the author's long-standing commitment, his close study of Constitutional history, and his lively sense of the dramatic—that gives another dimension to the treatment of America's complex involvement with civil liberties and civil rights.

For the past quarter-century Konvitz has been studying, writing about, and, first at New York University, then at Cornell, teaching Constitutional history in general and the history of America's Bill of Rights in particular. *Expanding Liberties* is the latest—and most comprehensive—of such exercises. Realizing the vastness of the subject, Konvitz has prudently set limitations upon his task. He says of the period he is surveying and his responses to it:

> It was a time of fear, and a time of comfort and relaxation; a time of defeats for the spirit of liberty, and also victories and gains, of vindication and reconciliation. No one man could begin to tell the whole story. . . . I have selected, therefore, only certain of the problems that beckoned; but these I have examined in some depth and breadth, and concentrated on the freedoms that emerged in this period for the first time or came up for a new lease of life.

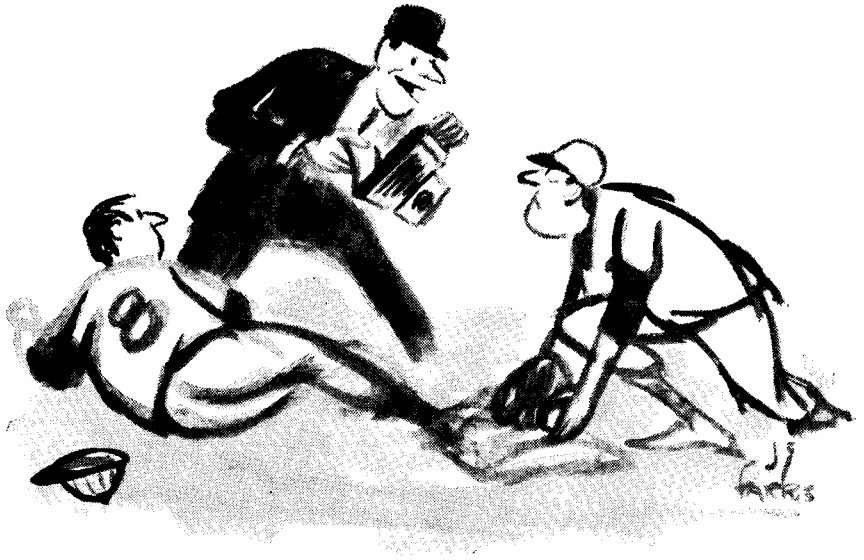
What, then, is Konvitz seeking to do? He is writing a Constitutional history of the last twenty-five years, with his attention focused, inevitably, upon what the Supreme Court said and did. The Court concerns itself with cases and not abstract problems; and, perforce, as Konvitz properly notes, it approaches the issues involved "pragmatically and experimentally." The Justices disagree; frequently, a majority will come to the same conclusion not so much for different reasons as out of different emphases on the same broad principle involved. (Konvitz's asides on these so-called concurring opinions constitute a fascinating part of his book.) "The quest for a decision," he writes, "is at least as important as the decision itself."

> This is of vital importance, for only in this way is it possible for the Constitution to remain a living moral, social, and intellectual force. The Court's decisions cannot take a dogmatic, canonical, final form. Its work is never done, and never can be; for almost every day it must face new historical tasks. Yet it is, paradoxically, by this process that Constitutional principles and ideals are kept unified and coordinated at the very time that they undergo development and even transformation.

Also examined by Konvitz in "depth and breadth" are Religious Liberty (with the knotty, still unresolved question of separation between church and state); Freedom of Association (with particular attention to the Communist Party); Academic Freedom (for teachers and for students); Censorship of Literature; Civil Rights (the fullest single discussion); Civil Liberties for Americans of Chinese and Japanese Descent, and for the American Indians; and, finally, American Policy in the International Protection of Human Rights.

The reader will find a comprehensive exposition of the problems the Supreme Court faced up to; the persons—usually humble, frequently members of minority groups—involved in the particular suits at law; how and why the decisions were arrived at, along with a running commentary from Professor Konvitz, now approving now dissenting—but when in opposition never querulous.

THROUGHOUT, there is an understanding that were it not for private citizens' associations, which, eternally vigilant, have talked, written, and sought to educate legislators and hesitant political leaders, American Constitutional liberties would indeed be in serious jeopardy. The honor roll is a short one: the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Council of Churches, the American Veterans Committee, the Anti-Defamation League, the American Jewish Congress, the National Association for the Ad-



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vancement of Colored People. Both the ACLU and NAACP have appeared as counsel in thousands of law suits.

Other—much more powerful bodies—the churches, the bar associations, the law schools, great corporations, and great trade unions—too long have lagged behind. And yet, once an important step forward has been taken, the support of the Supreme Court widens farther and farther. Those who talk of "usurpation" are either irresponsible or unheeding.

Konvitz gives an interesting example of the alleged widespread hostility to the Court's Regents' Prayer decision. By the spring of 1964 more than 100 resolutions had been introduced in the House of Representatives calling for a Constitutional amendment to overrule the Court and permit, in effect, religious exercises in the country's public schools. But when hearings were held, not only did all the outstanding Protestant churches and Jewish religious bodies oppose the resolutions; various Catholic organizations also subsequently voiced their disapproval of a Constitutional amendment. "Thus," says Mr. Konvitz, "the initial reaction against the decisions had undergone a radical change, and the spirit and the reach of the religious freedom clauses were more widely and deeply understood and respected than ever before."

There are equally interesting analyses of such perplexing matters as the Clear and Present Danger Doctrine; the really impossible task of defining obscenity; and the differences between advocacy and incitement to riot on the part of those who believe in—and write and talk of—violent revolution. "Standing alone," Konvitz observes, advocacy to riot "can be emasculated, as it was in the Dennis case, or lead to sophisticated rationalizations for decisions that in fact deny the fundamental liberties." "Admittedly, we know very little of the psychological roots of violence, about the motivation and background of people who resort to violence." Commenting on a Justice's ruling that speech-making did lead to incitement to riot, Konvitz points out, "The events of the early 1960s, in which hundreds of thousands of Negroes and their white sympathizers participated in mass actions, show that speech kept men and women *from becoming mobs.*" (Italics, original.)

All in all, very refreshing, and just sound good sense. I am prepared to accept Konvitz's self-imposed limitations in writing this book. The reader should understand, however, that every day sees other restrictions on our Constitutional liberties being challenged and tested in the courts. These, among others: loyalty oaths and disclaimer affidavits, security checks, the right to travel, police electronic eavesdropping, arrest records, illegal legislative investigating committee proceedings, police irregularities in the treatment and handling of arrested persons, invasion of the privacy of consenting adults in their sexual behavior (including the right to access to birth-control information), discrimination in employment, the rights of trade unionists in their own organizations, the rights of students to their private lives as adults and to their public participations as citizens.

And when will the graduates of our university law schools be asked to take a pledge, much like the Hippocratic oath of the newly-graduated medical students, that will solemnly commit them to the defense of our Constitutional liberties as lawyers in the courts, as counsel of spokesmen of unpopular, even hateful causes, and as law-makers in our legislative assemblies? Here is another project to engage Professor of Law Konvitz's imaginative energies.

Poet and Patriot

***Martí on the U.S.A.**, selected and translated from the Spanish by Luis A. Baralt (Southern Illinois University Press. 223 pp. $5.95), reveals how little the nineteenth-century Cuban leader had in common with Fidel Castro, who claims him as political progenitor. Harold Lavine, a senior editor at Forbes magazine, writes frequently on Latin America.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

JOSE MARTI was a poet who created a nation. Not only was he the leader-in-exile of Cuba's long and harrowing struggle for independence from Spain; by his writings, he gave Cuba her soul. When a Cuban thinks of what Cuba means, he thinks of José Martí.

It's only natural that Fidel Castro should have appropriated Martí for himself, that he should claim his revolution is descended from Martí. Natural but grotesque, even obscene. For Martí was everything Fidel is not, a man of nobility and intense spirituality; a nineteenth-century liberal, with the blindness of the nineteenth-century liberal, true, but with all the idealism and unconquerable humanitarianism.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

José Martí—"he gave Cuba her soul."

Martí lived fifteen years of his life in the United States, from 1880 to 1895. He supported himself by journalism, writing for Charles A. Dana's *New York Sun* as well as for several Latin American newspapers. Professor Luis A. Baralt, of Southern Illinois University, whose mother knew Martí well and wrote a book about him, has now put together a selection of his articles on the United States. They cover a wide variety of subjects—Jesse James, Walt Whitman, the dedication of the Statue of Liberty, Coney Island, political campaigning.

All journalism is ephemeral, of course, but nothing could be quite as ephemeral as the journalism of a poet. What Martí had to say about the United States in 1887 would have little interest today, except that he *was* Martí, and that his name still is revered by every Cuban schoolboy, and that Fidel has attempted to identify him with *Fidelismo*.

How little Martí had in common with Fidel shines through Baralt's selections. He was not uncritical of the United States: he speaks of "the impious monument of Farragut which commemorates the North Americans' inglorious victory over Mexico." Yet he loved the United States, too, even more for its aspirations than for its achievements. He hated slavery. To him, Wendell Phillips was "that illustrious mouthpiece of the poor; that magnanimous, shining knight of justice and eloquence." Yet, he could write: "Never was the Southern soldier as beautiful as when he surrendered at Appomatox, ragged, barefooted . . . his beard bloodied. . . ."

He shared the nineteenth-century liberal's abhorrence of the mob, speaking of strikers as a Boston Brahmin might: "Without the brakes of patriotism . . . which even among scoundrels has much strength, this medley of Irish, Scotch,

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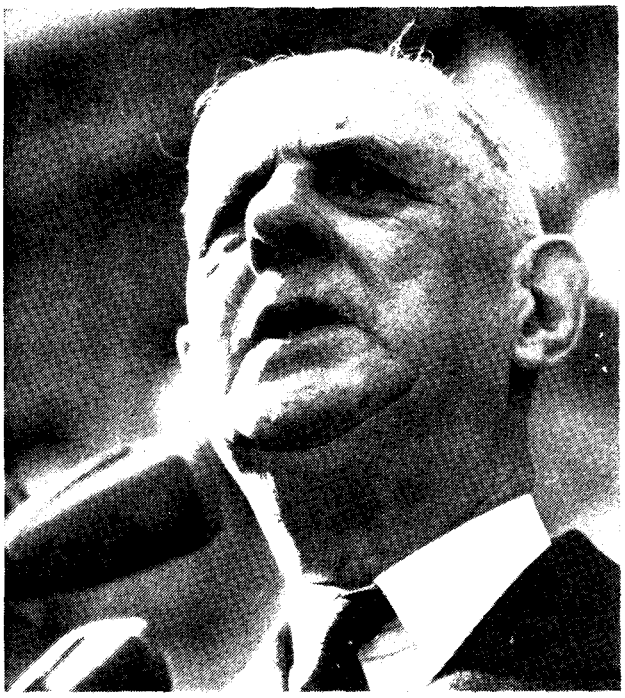
Germans, Swedes – meat-eating, beer-drinking people, with shoulders and hands like Atlas's—rush quickly and unbridled, restrained only by fear or the instinct of self-preservation. . . ." Yet, he identified himself with the oppressed. His ideal was a world of capitalists like Peter Cooper, who used his fortune to help the underprivileged. Writing of Cooper Union, the free technical academy that Cooper founded in New York, he said: "No saint has a higher altar in his cathedral than Peter Cooper in this school!"

Seventy years after his death (of a Spanish bullet), José Martí's ideas may appear as quaint as his style. Nevertheless, it's well that Professor Baralt has given us this selection of his writings. For men of ideals like José Martí, in contrast to men of power like Fidel Castro, are forever an inspiration.

Wanted—A Sense of Wonder: Professor Abraham J. Heschel, who teaches mysticism and ethics at the Jewish Theological Seminary, is one of the major thinkers in American Jewish life speaking out of the context of an ever-deepening traditionalism. Not just a teacher confined to his classroom, he marched alongside Martin Luther King at Selma, and spoke out for racial justice at the Chicago Conference on Religion and Race. This lecture, together with other provocative addresses delivered over the past decade, is contained in *The Insecurity of Freedom: Essays on Human Existence* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95). In his poetic, aphorismic style, Dr. Heschel protests the sanctification of needs above ultimate values, the equation of faith with expediency, today's obsession with power, and the reduction of the status of man from that of a person to that of a thing.

He seeks a renewal of man's sense of wonder and mystery. Viewing his own religion and Christianity critically, Dr. Heschel calls for an awareness of the inadequacy of religious words and creeds and deeds in a manner that ultimately comes close to the rejection of the intellectual disciplines which rule modern life. Ethical imperatives, pronounced clearly and unequivocally, are here grounded on the faith of an ancient tradition. Yet the intricate structure of a highly personal faith somehow eludes the reader of these essays. Heschel's commitment is clear, but the sources of that commitment are hidden within the shadows of an introspection that commands reverence but does not transmit instruction. One has to go back to the earlier works, *The Earth Is the Lord's, The Sabbath,* and *God in Search of Man* to enter the landscape of Heschel's poetic theology and to encounter the principles governing that world.

—ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER.



—*Pix.*

Charles de Gaulle—"a great man in the classic sense."

The Gallic Paradox

De Gaulle: A Political Biography, *by Alexander Werth (Simon & Schuster. 406 pp. $6.50),* ***De Gaulle: Implacable Ally,*** *edited by Roy C. Macridis (Harper & Row. 248 pp. $6),* ***An Explanation of De Gaulle,*** *by Robert Aron, translated from the French by Marianne Sinclair (Harper & Row. 210 pp. $4.95), and* ***No Laurels for de Gaulle,*** *by Robert Mengin, translated from the French by Jay Allen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 402 pp. $6.95), examine the ingredients of a political phenomenon, France's towering "Monogénéral." Saul K. Padover, who participated in the liberation of Paris in August 1944, wrote "French Institutions, Values and Politics."*

By SAUL K. PADOVER

CHARLES DE GAULLE is not merely another politician; he is a phenomenon that, as these books amply illustrate, defies logical analysis. The man whom *Le Canard Enchainé* mockingly calls "*Monogénéral,*" a particularly apt Gallic pun, keeps both friends and enemies in a state of bewilderment. He stirs deep emotions, not always flattering to his character. He is worshipped by some, hated—in the case of Robert Mengin, the word is loathed – by others. From a certain angle, de Gaulle appears as Machiavelli incarnate; from another, he is a pure patriot, France's greatest hero-figure since the sainted Joan. An autocrat, a cynic, a humanist, a nationalist, a philosopher, a garbler of truth, a faithless friend, an implacable enemy, a nondemocratic democrat, a professional soldier who despises his fellow-generals, a political leader with open contempt for the ordinary processes of politics—precisely what is he and what does he want?

Each of the books under consideration attempts to clarify the puzzle, with varying degrees of nonsuccess. The best is Alexander Werth's *De Gaulle,* a lucid political biography based on available sources, including the General's own utterances and polished writings (he is, among other things, a first-class literary stylist). Werth is both objective and sympathetic to his subject. His book may be recommended as a highly readable and comprehensive story of de Gaulle's remarkable political career. But the biography lacks depth. The closest that Werth comes to a psychological explanation of the de Gaulle phenomenon is to say that the General is a "happy compromise" between the eternal French yearning for order and authority, citing P. Viansson-Ponté's phrase that the Gaullist system is a "soft dictatorship with a debonair

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authoritarianism." This is, one must say, an explication that doesn't explicate.

Roy C. Macridis, in the introduction to his collection of de Gaulle's writings and statements (including press conferences), presents a formal, academic analysis of the General's political thought. He stresses, and rightly so, de Gaulle's unwavering belief in the nation-state as rooted in nationalism. In de Gaulle's view, as Professor Macridis points out, the overriding political reality is nationalism, and not any substitute system, whether it be internationalism, regional arrangement, the U.N. (for which the General has scant respect), or ideology. He rejects ideology, particularly Communist ideology, as a fraud and a camouflage. "The banner of ideology," de Gaulle said at a press conference on July 29, 1963, "in reality covers only ambitions. And I believe that it has been thus since the world was born."

As de Gaulle sees it, in the political sphere the center of thought, feeling, and action lies inside the nation, its character, needs, and aspirations. Nations, and not denatured systems, make and carry out policies, for national, and not international, purposes. The guiding consideration is not some mystical idealism about the brotherhood of man but the hard facts of national life, or, in other words, the *raison d'état*. To advance the nation's objectives, whether it be for the maintenance of a balance of power situation or traditional treaty-relationship, force is always necessary. The army, therefore, must never be anything but the instrument of the state.

The state being the overriding reality, de Gaulle does not hesitate to scrap agreements or make radical changes in international relations. He is not hobbled by preconceived notions or deterred by pre-existing arrangements. For public opinion he has only disdain. He is icy in his political assessments and almost Olympian in his view of history—as he interprets history. In de Gaulle there is, at least in this reviewer's opinion, an utterly refreshing lack of cant or ideological dogmatism. He thinks in terms of the available power relationships, which may or may not be of long duration, and of the needs of France, an entity with which he is passionately identified. France, indeed, is the only subject about which this cold-blooded realist feels mystical. He realizes it and apparently he cannot help it, as he says in a moving passage in his *War Memoirs*:

> All my life I have thought of France in a certain way. This is inspired by sentiment as much as by reason. The emotional side of me tends to imagine France, like the princess in the fairy stories or the Madonna in the frescoes, as dedicated to an exalted and exceptional destiny. . . . The positive side of my mind . . . assures me that France is not really herself unless in the front rank. . . . In short . . . , France cannot be France without greatness.

It is de Gaulle's self-dedicated task to restore France to grandeur, put her in front as a major power, and make her the leader of European civilization. It is a grand design, not altogether shared by France's neighbors on the Continent.

In this passion for his country lies one of the keys to an understanding of the de Gaulle enigma. It helps, at least in part, to explain why he seems to be anti-American and anti-British and why he is opposed to NATO and other American-led arrangements. In part, of course, it is true that de Gaulle has an antipathy for what he quaintly calls the "Anglo-Saxons"; but it is a mistake to assume that he is motivated by mere pique in his grand policy. He is much too big a man for that.

De Gaulle is opposed to America—or, more accurately, to American foreign policy—primarily because he is convinced that a now-revived and economically prosperous France and Europe should once more be masters of their own destinies. Europe, he feels, should cease to be under the hegemony of foreigners, particularly Americans, whom he regards as ambitiously imperialistic and dangerously militaristic—a view, incidentally, shared not only by Russians and Chinese but also by many Europeans. He sees no special merit in the replacement of the smaller European nationalisms by a gigantic American nationalism. Furthermore, he considers Americans rigid and inflexible in their world view, and believes that the holocaust inflicted on Vietnam bears him out. Unlike so many Americans, de Gaulle is not moved by hatred of Communism,

a system for which he has only contempt. To him, Communist countries, particularly the Soviet Union and Red China, are not Communists first but nations first. They are great powers, and must be treated as such. De Gaulle is not inclined to think that love and hate have a place in international relations.

Much of this the reader can find in Professor Macridis's book, as well as in the biography by Werth and the *Explanation of De Gaulle* by Robert Aron. Mengin's *No Laurels for de Gaulle* belongs in a different category.

Aron's book is a disappointment. It is poorly organized, contains disparate materials, and suffers from the lack of a central thesis. Aron, a Resistance fighter and excellent historian, is clearly baffled by his subject, and he conveys his puzzlement to the reader. He doesn't seem to know what to make of de Gaulle, whose great qualities he admits and whose shortcomings he acknowledges. Like a man bedeviled, Aron struggles with the de Gaulle paradoxes. He sees in his almost-admired hero a monarchist loyal to republicanism; an anti-Nazi and anti-Communist capable of cruel arbitrariness; a leader who built his career on disobedience but who demands absolute fealty from his generals and officials; a champion of an anachronistic nineteenth-century nationalism whose radical conceptions of the world are such that they make him, in the words of Maurice Duverger, "a man of the twenty-first century." Altogether, one must say, Aron's *Explanation of De Gaulle* is no explanation, but it does contain scattered nuggets of shrewd political comment.

Mengin's *No Laurels*, subtitled on the jacket, "An Appraisal of the London Years," is strangely out of place on any shelf of serious books on the French President. A diary of Mengin's London years, 1939-43, which includes the hectic period when the Free French came into existence with the blessing of Winston Churchill, *No Laurels* tells much more about Mengin (and, for whatever reason, his wife Anne) than about de Gaulle. Mengin, a newspaperman and an obviously sincere and decent republican, hates de Gaulle, and his book is an indictment of the General as a politician full of duplicity, faithlessness, and vanity, a man consumed by unquenchable ambition for self-aggrandizement. *No Laurels* might appeal to French readers, particularly those who detest de Gaulle, but Americans are likely to find it too biased and much too personal (about the author, that is).

Nevertheless, Mengin's pages, too, contain some revealing observations about France and Frenchmen. To this reviewer, Mengin's most telling remark is that France has been a sick country during the Gaullist era. This is an admis-

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sion not many Frenchmen like to make, but it is a basic truth and one, moreover, that goes far to explain the rise of de Gaulle, who saved France in two periods of national disaster. In 1940, he established the Free French against incredible odds, and he thereby restored the honor of his country after its shameful surrender to Hitler. For the pro-Nazi collaborators in Vichy France, of whom there were a disgracefully large number, de Gaulle has a feeling of shame and contempt. In 1958, he saved the French republic from an imminent putsch by Algeria-based generals, paratroopers, and their avowedly Fascist allies.

In sum, de Gaulle is best viewed on two levels. He is, first of all, an extraordinary personality, possessing the mystique, or charisma, of a successful leader. There can be no question but that Charles de Gaulle is a great man in the classic sense of the term. Like other truly historic figures, he dominates and impresses. In the second place, de Gaulle must be considered as the product of his country at a decaying time in its history. It is the sickness of post-World War I France, with its bitterly divisive politics, its vicious class hatreds, its cynicism and moral decay, that brought forth de Gaulle. As one French wit remarked sardonically, "De Gaulle is right in thinking that he represents France. He is wrong in believing that that does him honor."

Nevertheless, de Gaulle deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for his dedication to the job of restoring France to health, honor, self-respect, and stability. For this, history will remember the *Monogénéral.*

They Both Served France

Sons of France: Pétain and De Gaulle, *by Jean-Raymond Tournoux, translated from the French by Oliver Coburn (Viking. 245 pp. $5.95), comprises anecdotes about the hero of Verdun and the leader of the Free French, who condemned each other to death. David Schoenbrun is the author of "As France Goes" and "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle."*

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

> Now I am alone with you, how good it is!
> And there is no one to gaze upon us! . . .
> The secret that I share with thee, Mother, no one can steal from us! . . .
> Listen to this voice of reason which proposes to you and explains to you. Proposals as soothing as oil and truth as bright as gold!

THIS ode, addressed to Marshal Pétain in December 1940, was composed by France's national poet-diplomat, Paul Claudel. It portrayed the aged Marshal, a defeated, doddering "chief" of a Nazi satellite régime, as the true defender of Mother France, suggesting that he was cleverly playing some kind of secret game, some arcane strategy that would save the honor of France. At the moment that Claudel composed his "Ode to Pétain" the Marshal's one-time protégé and spiritual son, Charles de Gaulle, was struggling in London to build a Free French movement to fight for France's honor. Pétain had condemned him to death as a traitor for having refused to accept the armistice and having broken his oath of allegiance by fleeing to London when France fell.

Only four years later Charles de Gaulle was back in France, with the victorious allied armies, while old Marshal Pétain had fled into exile. De Gaulle then had Pétain condemned to death, under the general "rule" of war which might be said to hold that a traitor is he who loses the war. But Paul Claudel, a very French poet, unabashed, wrote another ode to a new heroic son of France, composed at the liberation in honor of de Gaulle.

> "And now I care not what others think of me! . . .
> They have often enough asked me for my body, and thou, ask me for my soul!" . . .
> And the General replies: "Woman, be quiet! And do not ask for anything other than what I am able to bring thee!"
> "What canst thou bring me then, O my son?"
> And the General, lifting his arms, replies:
> "My will!"

These two odes, perhaps the worst trash ever written by a poet of world renown, are nonetheless quite genuine, appropriate examples of what happens to otherwise highly intelligent, cultured, and talented Frenchmen when they drink deeply of the wine of patriotism and nationalism in the dramatic moments of victory or defeat. Only if one can understand how Claudel could have written those almost burlesque lines solemnly can one understand the almost unbelievable true-life romances of men like Pétain and de Gaulle, and thus begin to understand the mystery of France.

In his study of the lives of Pétain and de Gaulle the French historian, or rather popularizer of history, Jean-Raymond Tournoux has written a semi-documentary, semi-historical fiction. One is never quite sure just where in this fascinating narrative the documentary ends and the fiction begins (a not atypical characteristic of contemporary French political essayists). But no matter. It is a grand tale, told in the grand manner of a Dumas and a Michelet. Most of it rings true, whether it is properly documented or not. It will not be of much use to scholars or even to students of French modern history, but it does illustrate and reflect with accuracy one of the key aspects of French life, the love of "grandeur," of the "great man," and the great man's curious quirks.

Did you know that Pétain was noted as one of the great "woman-chasers" of his time? That he said, "I love two things best: sex and the infantry"? We are indebted to M. Tournoux for this sure-to-be immortal quote. M. Tournoux also tells us how Pétain, the commanding general, took delight in concealing his rank under an unmarked greatcoat, and then suddenly removing it to reveal himself in all his bemedaled glory to the consternation but cries of admiration of his chosen victims, the "poilus" and the Red Cross girls he liked best.

Tournoux also provides us with many revealing, and currently pertinent, quotes from General de Gaulle, particularly his obsessive fear of growing old, based upon his observations of Pétain's decline from glory to shame in his dotage. "You see, Pétain is a great man —who died in 1925. . . . He's an old trickster now, believe me; I know him well." "Old age is a shipwreck," de Gaulle would say, citing a favorite line of Chateaubriand. But de Gaulle knew that the French people revered the "hero of Verdun" largely to satisfy their own hunger for heroes. When the General toured France after the liberation, and saw all the cheering crowds, he was unimpressed. He said to Minister Robert Lacoste, "I saw the films of the Marshal's visits here. There were at least as many people present, and often the same ones."

These anecdotes, and many more citations of Pétain and de Gaulle, collected, Tournoux claims, over a thirty-year period, are entertaining to read and, whether genuine or apocryphal, or a little of each, do give a true picture of those two sons of France. And by so doing they provide a valuable portrait of a certain France, not all of France by any means, but a France of illusions that live on, which explains the continuing domination of France by the greatest illusionist of our times, Charles de Gaulle.

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Elusive Legacy

The Martlet's Tale, *by Nicholas Delbanco (Lippincott. 223 pp. $4.50), concerns a dying Greek matriarch and the grandson to whom she promises the secret of her hidden fortune. Harry Mark Petrakis's next novel will be "A Dream of Kings."*

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

THERE is a strange and paradoxical quality to contemporary Greece, a suspension of ocean, sky, and land that evades definition. In a world of jets, atom bombs, and satellites there exists in that small country passion-driven men and women, in whom instinct and the promptings of the blood are of greater significance than the configurations of the mind. All around them are the adamantine plumes of the past. Parnassus gleams beyond dark mountains. The song of the flutes wail within the sacred groves. The broken stones of temples lie among the age-old trees. In these environs time is led to a sacrificial altar and that which existed long ago seems strangely near.

It is this fluid and timeless quality of people and country that Nicholas Delbanco strives to capture in this fine novel, an unraveling of the mysteries of legacy and death.

Orsetta Procopirios is the matriarch of a Greek family on Rhodes, to all appearances a spiteful, bitter woman who is dying. She is believed to have hidden a great treasure, and all segments of her family burn with greed to unearth it. On a number of occasions she has confided the supposed location to her sons, and then gleefully witnessed their chagrin and despair when they found out she had lied. To her grandson, Sotiris, she appears to tell the truth, swearing him to secrecy until her death. Even in the end we are not sure she has told the truth or even whether the treasure actually exists. What becomes apparent is that the treasure is of less significance than that which is revealed in expectation of finding it.

Sotiris flees from Rhodes to Athens. He watches and listens and remembers. There are brushes with the dream-like Chrysanthi, the decadent Phillipos, a host of shopkeepers, vendors, and idiots. An unbroken trail of litter runs from Rhodes to Athens, the cut-glass fragments of the past washed upon the beach of the present. Nothing is decided there, nothing is made clear.

He returns to the village as the ceremonial calf is slaughtered for the feast that will mark his grandmother's eightieth birthday. The old lady dies on the eve of that day. Sotiris writes her epitaph; deserved or undeserving, he accepts it as a truth for himself. All deeds she did amiss, he tells himself, were pardoned and her legacy was love.

There are many passages of lyrical intensity in this book, many moments when it stunningly reveals the ingredient that all good fiction must have—a meaningful rendering of the chaotic processes and paradoxes of life, the ways in which our actions derive from promptings we cannot understand or define. There are characterizations—such as those of Anna-Maria, Mehmet Effendi, Phillipos, Stavros, the casket-maker Ioannidis with the six ugly sisters he can never hope to marry off and the wooden woman he keeps hidden in a casket as his true love —that glitter with the awesome truth of human anguish.

There are also, however, a series of charades with form, a groping for style that sometimes produces long run-on sentences of eighty and ninety words, or short, cryptic paragraphs with snatches of conversation, scene, narration. Their effect is not one of segments of a unified whole, but of disjointed and disruptive particles that confuse the movement and direction of the book.

Nicholas Delbanco—"the awesome truth of human anguish."

It is too much to expect that any writer can fashion a completely successful language and style of his own in his first book. For to actualize a style is to achieve self-realization as well. Without a unified controlling vision, style is not possible. This vision comes, if at all, only with work and time.

I wish I could have written a novel as good as this one when I was twenty-three. I could not, and I do not believe many writers could. This is the true measure of Delbanco's achievement; an impressive augur of books he will write.

The Chaos of Men's Souls

Upon the Sweeping Flood and Other Stories, *by Joyce Carol Oates (Vanguard. 250 pp. $4.95), depicts a series of rural Southern characters who are obsessed by violence. Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Connecticut.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

JOYCE CAROL OATES shares with Flannery O'Connor—perhaps to an uncomfortable degree—a fascination with characters we have come to think of as rural Southern, who do not understand their violence and whose motivation the author puts into a context informed by depth psychology and Christianity. This collection, Miss Oates's third, has unquestionable power, yet one keeps wishing that the stories would move less swiftly into abstraction; that the characters were less mechanical and more human, their turbulence controlled and made credible by the structure of the story or the fabric of their lives; that the book would ease up a bit while retaining the intensity of vision that is undeniably Miss Oates's.

At their least convincing the characters are puppets of their (or her) obsessions. In the title story, a typical one, a man helps a boy and a girl in a hurricane. After a night of turmoil, his civilized veneer stripped away, he murders the half-wit boy and is about to rape and/or kill the girl when a rescue boat appears. He wades out to it, hysterically pleading, "Save me!" He seems frightened of the lad, whose incoherence appears to threaten because it mirrors his precarious stability; but there is no real reason in the story for him to be so unstable. The fury of the storm is a mechanism to represent abstractly the

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conditions under which restraint is broken down, yet the hurricane—often hard to follow on the literary level—is too nightmarish and chaotic from the start to serve as a paradigm for concentrated life. The author wants the protagonist to be a sort of everyman without making him first convincing as a particular man.

We are often asked to accept the representative humanity of a hero although the surface description fails to be rich enough to convince us that his grudges and obsessions are valid. This is true even in a story I like very much, "Stigmata." The black-sheep son of a large Catholic family visits his saintly father, whose stigmata appear at Easter. On this Easter Sunday, however, the signs fail to disappear, and the father for the first time acknowledges that he hurts. With brilliant insight the son realizes that the old man "was being educated now in the pain of being human. . . . 'You're being punished!' Walt cried. . . . 'Goddamn selfish old bastard, now you're getting it! God's on the right track!' " In this story the Christian miracle provides a recognizable frame that works where the hurricane does not. And yet the family—and hence Walt's privileged place in it—is only dimly seen. One accepts Walt's insight (as proof, the father commits suicide) without really believing that the father is a "selfish old bastard." "Stigmata," like many of the stories in the volume, is somehow deficient in texture, as Flannery O'Connor's stories are not; and, lacking the fiber to support, clarify, and enhance the obsessive characters, their violence is wanton, even a little tedious.

SOME of the stories, however, are quite successful. In "Norman and the Killer" the hero, whose brother was killed years ago by teen-age hoodlums, finds a man who resembles one of the killers, corners him, and tries to force a confession. The man, like Norman's brother, is innocent, although he confesses in order to escape; but Norman, now turned into the teen-age killer, murders the man anyway. Here the shape of the story controls the violence and makes it credible.

The violence is also controlled and the problem of texture resolved in "First Views of the Enemy," in which a middle-class housewife nearly runs over a poor Mexican boy, one of a busload, and then proceeds to lock up her house to keep the "enemy" out. The violence is in her frenzied shutting of windows and doors and her vehement command to her own son: "Eat." The details are firmly in view and the story is rich and powerful. And yet—and this is the paradox of Miss Oates's talent—the story, unlike "Stigmata" or "Norman and the Killer," does not seem distinctively hers.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

A Business of Bodies. By Stanton Forbes. Doubleday. $3.50.

The Case of the Worried Waitress. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $3.50.

The Cool Cottontail. By John Ball. Harper & Row. $4.50.

The Deceivers: Lives of the Great Imposters. By Egon Larsen. Roy. $6.95.

The Marriage Chest. By Mary Paradise. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

Otley. By Martin Waddell. Stein & Day. $3.95.

Pure Poison. By Hillary Waugh. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

Agents of Deceit: Frauds, Forgeries and Political Intrigue Among Nations. By Paul W. Blackstock. Quadrangle. $6.50.

The Mafia and Politics. By Michele Pantaleone. Coward-McCann. $5.50.

Science, Government, and the Universities. Introduction by Frederick Seitz. Univ. of Washington Press. $3.95.

A Working Peace System. By David Mitrany. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.25.

Fiction

Country of Old Men. By Paul Olsen. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

The Early Life of Stephen Hind. By Storm Jameson. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Moss on the North Side. By Sylvia Wilkinson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

The Statesman's Game. By James Aldridge. Doubleday. $4.95.

A View of Vultures. By Alan Scholefield. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

Alexander the Great: The Main Problems. Edited by G. T. Griffith. Barnes & Noble. $8.

Helen of Troy. By John Pollard. Roy. $5.25.

Land Under the Pole Star: A Voyage to the Norse Settlements of Greenland and the Saga of the People That Vanished. By Helge Ingstad. St. Martin's. $10.

Native Inheritance: The Story of Corn in America. By Howard T. Walden, II. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Poland and Czechoslovakia. By Frederick G. Heymann. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

The State of the Union Messages of the Presidents. Edited by Fred L. Israel. Chelsea House-Hector. Three volumes. $45.

Thucydides and the Politics of Bipolarity. By Peter J. Fliess. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $6.

Literary History, Criticism

The Absurd Hero in American Fiction: Updike, Styron, Bellow, Salinger. By David D. Galloway. Univ. of Texas Press. $6.

Miscellany

All About Months. By Maymie R. Krythe. Harper & Row. $4.50.

All I Said Was . . . By Paul Molloy. Doubleday. $3.95.

Cuttin' the Corners. By Tex Millard. Barnes. $4.95.

The Dynamic Laws of Healing. By Catherine Ponder. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

Folklore in America: Tales, Songs, Superstitions, Proverbs, Riddles, Games, Folk Drama and Folk Festivals. Edited by Tristram P. Coffin and Hennig Cohen. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Olympic Rain Forest. By Ruth Kirk. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.95.

Raccoons Are the Brightest People. By Sterling North. Dutton. $4.95.

Spoken Like a Frenchman. By Arthur Train, Jr. Doubleday. $4.50.

Strangers in High Places: The Story of the Great Smoky Mountains. By Michael Frome. Doubleday. $5.95.

Personal History

Rockefeller's Follies: An Unauthorized View of Nelson A. Rockefeller. By William Rodgers. Stein & Day. $5.95.

Poetry

Love Poems of Elizabeth Sargent. New American Library. $4.

Rhymes and More Rhymes of a PFC. By Lincoln Kirstein. New Directions. $5.

Roethke: Collected Poems. Doubleday. $5.95.

Psychology

Parallel Profiles: Pioneers in Mental Health. By Thomas F. Graham. Franciscan Herald Press. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

The Muslim Saints and Mystics: Episodes from the Tadhkirat al-Auliya' ("Memorials of the Saints"). By Farid al-Din Attar. Univ. of Chicago Press. $6.

The Paradox of Man's Greatness. By Stanton A. Coblentz. Public Affairs Press. $5.

Sociology

The Negro American. Edited by Talcott Parsons and Kenneth B. Clark. Houghton Mifflin. $9.50.

Urban Blues. By Charles Keil. Univ. of Chicago Press. $4.95.

—Compiled by Naid Sofian.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: Wash. 4, Ind., 10, Okla. 8, Maine 11, Iowa 9, Ohio 1, Miss. 12, Ala. 2, Mo. 3, Hawaii 6, Ore. 7, Tenn. 5.

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Of Show Boat and Stravinsky

APPROXIMATELY twenty-seven minutes after the curtain has gone up on the second production of this summer's Music Theater season at the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center, a character who walks in on a snatch of music says, in response to a question, "That's my favorite song." As banal a song cue as has ever been spoken in similar circumstances, it is, in these, a simple statement of fact. Which, among other things, is what makes this return of *Show Boat* proof that Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern built better, perhaps, than they knew in taking Edna Ferber's characters from a book and putting them on the stage.

Whether your taste inclines to "Make Believe," "You Are Love," "Bill," "Why Do I Love You?" or "Ol' Man River," the same song cue would ring true as spoken for "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of Mine." This, in turn, points up the essence of what is so gratifying about this most typical of American musicals. It rings true because the substance of it is solid, not hollow; because the sentiment, for all its sugar content, is not sticky; and the people, if not the images of the boy and girl next door, are recognizable human beings.

All of this is as familiar as one's recollection of the last prior revival of *Show Boat*. What is something of a surprise this time is to discover that as well as being typical, *Show Boat* is still unexpectedly topical. It is as topical as a plot which turns on the question whether a "nigger" woman can marry a white man in Mississippi, whether one drop of "tainted" blood makes a white man her inferior-equal, and what the consequences of such a union are. The period of time dates to the Eighties; but that does not in the least date it.

Providentially, the treatment doesn't, either. It is hard to remember when a musical so long from its first favor has been accorded a revival that seems so easy, effortless, and without intrusive "improvement." This is not to say that the results achieved by stage director Lawrence Kasha and conductor Franz Allers have been achieved easily or without effort. Far from it. But the elusive sense of fitness has been so well tracked to its source and so well imparted to the present personnel that Barbara Cook is eminently worthy, as Magnolia, of the applause first bestowed on Norma Terris; Stephen Douglas may be a better Ravenal than Howard Marsh was; Margaret Hamilton achieves the practically impossible feat of speaking the lines originally pronounced with Parthian thrust by Edna May Oliver and not making them ludicrous; and William Warfield breathes life into "Ol' Man River" no less than did Jules Bledsoe, Paul Robeson, and Kenneth Spencer. David Wayne is a fine Cap'n Andy, though no Charles Winninger, and if the new Julie didn't make the older set forget Helen Morgan, her singing of "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of Mine" and "Bill" gave them cause to remember Constance Towers.

It may be that a comment in the program by William Hammerstein, "The libretto and score of *Show Boat* have been kept substantially as they were when originally presented," is fundamental to the result. Some purists found the "new" overture a little spicy, in harmony, for the home-cooked flavor of the tunes it reprised. I was not among them. Some others found the choreography of Ronald Field unnecessarily extensive, or a bit of business in Act II not as good as that which it superseded. All of this is merely proof that a generation has grown up which cherishes *Show Boat* as some others cherished *Pinafore*, *Bohème*, or *Die Fledermaus*—alterations are viewed with deep suspicion.

Here, without being in the least reverent about it, Oliver Smith has devised a production that rolls on as steadily as "Ol' Man River" himself, Stanley Simmons has dressed the personnel tastefully, and Kasha's direction strives for naturalism even when the mood decrees such stereotypes as "happy darkies."

The convention that *Show Boat* remains what it is because of its indestructible score encounters no dissent from this corner, if the "score" is understood to mean the lyrics of Hammerstein as well as the music of Kern. Supple and shapely as the music is, the trellis on which it twines is the always artfully constructed one of a man who knew his craft so well that the mere citation of a title summarizes a situation, focuses an attitude, points the purpose of the whole lyric. For that matter, what other lyric writer had such a record of dual collaboration as Hammerstein with Kern and Rodgers? Those who choose to make such ruminations the matter for a cool interlude on a warm summer night will find the New York State Theater a practically perfect study hall.

Age and youth both were served in the final program of the Philharmonic's "Festival of Stravinsky". The climax to the sequence of concerts that began several weeks earlier was the enduring abundance of the *Symphonie des Psaumes*, a repertory work for thirty-five years. And, present to recapture the period of his prime in which he created it was the now venerable composer himself, as conductor. A rising tide of applause greeted him as he made his way slowly toward the rostrum, supported by a cane. By the time he had reached stage center and mounted the podium, the audience had risen to its feet in a gesture half welcome, half homage. And, as climax to the climax, was the wave on wave of cheers that resounded at the work's end.

It was more than a fitting idea for a series which had begun with his great secular masterpiece, *Le Sacre du printemps*, to conclude with his greatest ecclesiastical expression, the *Symphonie des Psaumes*. For those who were able to experience both, and correlate them, it was a measure of the magnitude of the man, the breadth and depth of his expression, the singularity of spirit which could comprehend within the same artistic medium two adorations so opposed in power. Or was it the "same artistic medium?" For if Stravinsky remade the tonal language of others with *Le Sacre*, he remade it no less for himself.

BETWEEN these perimeter points there were some others that were of equally high merit (the first Schwarzkopf program, with the integral performance of *Pulcinella*), and some others almost devoid of it (the second Schwarzkopf program, with its Moussorgsky sung in German and a brace of obscure Stravinsky songs at the end as justification for its inclusion in the series).

The nadir, without question, was reached in the Lukas Foss-directed evening of the last week, which brought on *Oedipus Rex* in what was described as a "visual presentation" devised by Larry Rivers. This grand oratorio, performed in the Latin text by Jean Danielou, with Jean Cocteau's narration delivered in English by Jason Robards, has asserted its majestic appeal in naked concert form, and in various elaborations for the stage. But Rivers's imposition of his own antic imagination detracted more than it added. The chorus was in sunglasses and undershirts (hidden, for the most part, by neck-high screens), the orchestra in shirt sleeves (unhidden, alas), and the male performers attired in Everlast boxing robes with high-laced gym shoes and sparring helmets to match. Shirley Verrett, as Jocasta, was encased in an aluminum foil sheath.

Ernst Haefliger, as Oedipus, prudently removed his headpiece almost at once, but Heinz Rehfuss (Creon) stuck to his doggedly. Perhaps Foss should collaborate on a work of his own with Rivers, thus permitting the best qualities of both to offset one another.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Oh What a Lovely Tsar

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

THIS IS a history-making year at Canada's fourteenth Stratford Shakespearean Festival. *Henry V* and *Henry VI* are to be seen, along with *Twelfth Night*, on the unique and handsome Festival Theatre's open stage. *The Last of the Tsars* has provoked controversy as one of the events at the smaller Avon Theatre. And an independent company, the Toronto Workshop, includes Jack Winter's fanciful version of the capture of Joan of Arc, called *Before Compiègne*, at a tiny outdoor theater in the park.

If only because it grew out of accepting an impossible challenge, *The Last of the Tsars* has that extra dash of excitement that comes when actors are striving on behalf of a new playwright. In this case the author, a twenty-eight-year-old university instructor, Michael Bawtree, not only was new to the theater, but was given the rush assignment of writing a play on the same subject as the previously scheduled *Nicholas Romanov*, which had been cancelled only six weeks before the actors were to have put it in rehearsal.

Because Mr. Bawtree's rush-order script demonstrates, among other things, the inept administration and wasteful patriotism that attended the Russian portion of World War I, its primary effect is somewhat the same as *Oh What a Lovely War*. Tsar Nicholas is benevolent but weak; Tsarina Alix is foolish; and the Grand Duke Michael is a hopeless romantic. Yet for them millions suffer and die. The play tries to pinpoint the glory in this regime as well as its ineptitude.

Its first witness is a British cockney butler who finds serving the Grand Duke the ultimate to be achieved in his profession. As played by Barry MacGregor, he makes an amusing "common man" who speaks directly to the audience, and his loyalty, based on admiration for gentlemanliness and grace, is the Grand Duke's highest tribute. The role of the Grand Duke is ideal for the talent and personality of William Hutt, and his manner does more to persuade us than does any argument the playwright has put in his mouth.

To keep us fascinated through the play's many flashbacks, the playwright has devised a running disagreement between the Grand Duke and a Bolshevik schoolteacher named Samoilov. Tony Van Bridge plays the latter with a down-to-earth skepticism so that his begrudging, gradual acceptance of the Grand Duke's side of the case attests its validity.

The case itself is simply this: that the unbroken line of aristocratic monarchy that the three-hundred-year reign of the Romanovs represents has an immortal splendor. It is splendid to the White Russians who unrealistically defend it while suspecting that it is unsuited to the modern world; it is splendid to the people who replace it with a more equitable but less graceful government. This much the play substantiates, with the actors performing valiantly under Michael Langham's sensitive direction. Designer Leslie Hurry also has helped with a background behind a gauze curtain that can suddenly be illuminated resplendently into life.

Beyond all this, Mr. Bawtree offers interesting insights into some of the characters, as when he describes the Tsarina's relationship to her husband

with the statement: "It's as though she makes him all hers and not anyone else's except through her." And his Pirandello-esque use of life within a play within life allows achievement of some fascinating effects. One of these occurs in the escape of the Grand Duke's lovely wife, Natalie, from the confines of roles and class into a brief, ecstatic moment of love. Another noteworthy moment comes when the Grand Duke cries in anguish, "Are we all prisoners and puppets? Does what I say just dry up?"

Where the play fails, however, is in its seeming inability to go deeper into the matter of weighing the dream of the Russian Revolution against the dream of the Romanov dynasty. Instead, it is content to reduce the historical problem to a personal one. A bit too vaguely, the playwright suggests that Natalie is a sort of earth-mother, and that embracement of her timelessness by the Grand Duke is what lifted him out of innocence and caused him to choose death, rather than the chance to become Tsar in a compromise constitutional monarchy. Unfortunately, Natalie is drowned out by the cavalcade of historical events; she seems a footnote rather than the core of the play. Thus the Grand Duke's final transition to maturity is undiscernible amid the soft nostalgia.

If *The Last of the Tsars* is to live up to its considerable promise, its obviously talented young author will have to make whatever is most important to him most important to us.

HENRY VI, John Barton's adaptation of the *Henry VI, Part I* that Shakespeare had a hand in writing, is also a work that deals with disaster brought on by a benevolently weak ruler. Here the emphasis is on the inglorious power struggle let loose when a young king too naïvely adopts the principles of Christianity. As one advisor reminds his overly compassionate monarch, "A subject's vice may be a sovereign's virtue."

To reveal how the same religion can affect two zealots differently we are then shown, in France's bewitched Joan of Arc, a Joan of Arc aroused to a fiercely uncompassionate militance that very nearly saves her country. As Joan, Martha Henry gives a stirringly animal performance, which culminates in her being caught in a net into which the British goad her. Brian Petchey's Henry is a somewhat too comic caricature of simple-mindedness, but serves to make understandable the irresistible temptation of his nobles to take advantage of his stupidity.

Tony Van Bridge is excellent as the sorely tried Protector of the King. Powys Thomas delivers a memorable vomiting-death scene as the nefarious Bishop of Winchester. And the rest of the cast generally make credible and logical the play's plethora of plots and counterplots.

If the proceedings occasionally fall short of achieving the apocalyptic vision director John Hirsch has said he wanted, it is not because he has avoided gory violence. The scene in which the British soldiers hack up some French women and children is about as brutal as one could ask for. Perhaps it is Mr. Hirsch's desire to relate this fifteenth-century viciousness to our own times' more impersonal brand of evil that has led him to deemphasize the mysterious bloodlust of these people, in favor of a more controllable and logically motivated insidiousness.

Desmond Heeley's costumes and decor are superb, and the candlelit coronation scene emerges as one of the most beautiful in this theater's history. All in all, this is an intelligently executed and impressive effort, which manages to hold our attention throughout a most difficult and redundant narrative.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Iron Curtain Festival

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR continues coverage of 1966 European film festivals, begun in the issue of July 23.*

KARLOVY VARY, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

KARLOVY VARY, better known as Carlsbad, nestles in a green cup formed by the mountains of northwest Czechoslovakia. Although founded in the mid-fourteenth century, its prevalent architecture is on the grand, spacious scale of the late eighteenth century, with plenty of room for everything except baths and toilets. Peter the Great came here to drink the healthful thermal waters, as did Goethe and Schiller and Chopin. (Their presence is acknowledged by massive statuary.) Today's visitors, a far less colorful lot, still take the baths and drink from the hot, but now state-owned, springs – unless they happened to come as guests of the Fifteenth International Film Festival, recently concluded, in which case they had little time to do much beyond race from one cinema to the next. And the only monument to their presence would be the mass of press releases left behind.

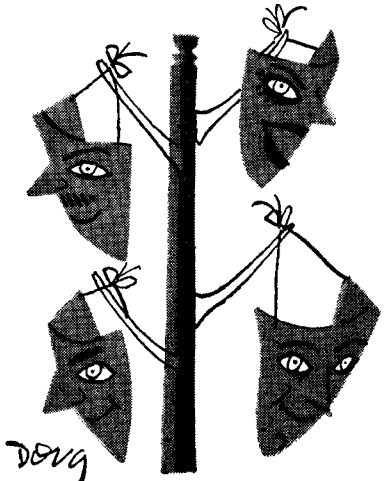
Karlovy Vary, which in the past few years has alternated with Moscow as the seat of the only major film festival in the Communist world, is an odd but ideal location for such an event. Despite an obvious attachment to its past glory, despite a Festival Hall straight out of *Last Year at Marienbad*, its very remoteness makes every visit an occasion—and if the occasion is a film festival, so much the better. It offers none of the distractions and dilutions to be found at Cannes, Venice, Berlin, or New York. For two weeks, the entire town turns wholeheartedly and single-mindedly to movies. Even the several outings organized by the hosts, or by official delegations, had to compete with the screenings. An American lunch, offered by the Motion Picture Association, was terminated promptly at 2 o'clock so that guests could get to a North Vietnam picture.

One of the virtues of the Karlovy Vary festival—indeed, perhaps its main virtue—is the opportunity it affords to see films from some of the less popular corners of today's world. In addition to Vietnam, we saw films from Cuba, Bulgaria, Iran, Algeria, Rumania, and an astonishingly good one – *Three* – from Yugoslavia. Oddly enough, the Russian, Polish, and Czech entries were all inferior, rather conventional pictures; while England, France, Italy, and Japan sent unabashedly commercial items that had no business being in a festival in the first place. The United States, after its offer of *The Russians Are Coming* was rejected, sent nothing. The result was to make the Iron Curtain pictures look better than they really were. (The International Jury, while understandably withholding a Grand Prix, offered its three major awards to the Yugoslav, the Rumanian, and the Czech entries—presumably for lack of proper competition.)

But if the festival films were, as a group, decidedly inferior, the disappointment was more than countered by the incessant "informational screenings" that took place from early morning until well into the evening in small preview rooms all over town. As the days went by, the film *cognoscenti* increasingly skipped the official screenings in favor of the "informationals"—to such an extent that, in the last few days of the festival, the smaller rooms were jammed to bursting, with a babel of tongues whispering the translations, while in the main hall, with its transistorized translations, seats went begging. Waiters and bellboys from the Grandhotel Moskva, the official festival headquarters, were often proffered tickets to help fill the auditorium.

THE great revelation of the "informational screenings" was the astonishing vitality of the new school of Czech filmmakers. Milos Forman, Vera Chytilova, Ivan Passer, Jan Nemec, Pavel Juracek, Karel Zeman, Evald Schorm—suddenly presented to us was a whole group of unknown directors whose freshness of vision, sharp individuality, and extraordinary humanism seemed to expand from picture to picture.

For me, the discovery of the festival was Vera Chytilova, a young graduate of the Czech Film School who has just finished her third feature (plus some shorter works). Shortly before ten one morning, I rushed from my hotel to the Richmond—once the property of British nobility – to see her latest work, *Of Something Else*. Just as the lights were going down, Susan Sontag came panting in. "I've just seen a *masterpiece*!" she gasped. She had been to the 8:30 screening of still another Czech film, *The Wanderer*. By the end of the morning she had seen two masterpieces. For humor, for affection, for sheer observation, these young Czechs today are without peer. Happily, several – including Forman's delightful *Loves of a Blonde* and Passer's *Intimate Lighting* – have already been scheduled for the New York Film Festival in September.



On the other hand, and a far less happy note, the Czechs marred their own festival with some unabashed political footballing. Having barred the American entry because, in a festival devoted to "better understanding among nations," our picture might possibly have offended the Russians, they readily admitted North Vietnam's *The Gathering Storm*, a film that went to extraordinary lengths to offend the United States. While the American film could readily be defended on artistic—and, to my mind, ideological grounds as well—the Vietnam entry resembled nothing so much as some of our World War II anti-Nazi atrocity movies. I kept waiting for John Wayne to come to the rescue. And when, during the closing ceremonies, the Vietnam representative was handed a special award as a gesture of solidarity between the Czech and the North Vietnam people, the festival suddenly lost all semblance of artistic integrity. It was demeaned—and so were we. The specifically political nature of this award was underscored by the trophy that, earlier, the Vietnam delegate presented to the festival authorities—a bit of twisted wreckage from an American plane shot down over North Vietnam.

I was told privately that if the United States had had an official entry, the Czechs would have thought twice about admitting a picture that attacked another participating nation, that they had specifically requested both *A Patch of Blue* and *Ship of Fools*, but had been refused by our State Department after their rejection of *The Russians Are Coming*. For the Czech public, America's face was saved by sell-out screenings, in the 3,000-seat open-air cinema, of *Cleopatra*, *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, and *My Fair Lady*. It's just possible that our face might have been saved politically as well if, in this instance, our State Department could have been a little less intransigent. If the Czechs openly admit that the film is a political weapon, why shouldn't we.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Our Highwayman in France

NORMANDY.

THERE IS only one street in the Norman metropolis known as Balleroy, and it ends in tired elegance with an enormous castle that was built to awe serfs, bourgeois villagers, and other mortals who found themselves born outside the manorial class. Here at this place, the oversized palace seems to say, all the village lived for the lord, and worked for him, too. They wept for his sadness, smiled with his joy, wrung their hands for his distractions.

Built during ten years of the early 1600s, it is a palace to foment revolutions and breed dogma. It is perched properly on a rise and carries the seal of François Mansart, its architect, who gave his name to the style of steeply-pitched roof he invented. Gardens and flower beds are banked alongside the pathway that leads to the front door, but visitors must first descend from their cars in the public street, and enter properly through the giant iron gates, on foot. There was no one on hand when we drew up except the village doctor, who had left his car and walked up to attend some sickness within. Two gardeners turned the soil in the gardens, but beyond that the castle was a ghost.

From the outside it had the shabby look of some possession held too long in times that were not too good, at least for its owner—rather like a ratty old mink worn by a widow who lives on a spare pension. The Michelin guide says the simple architecture "gives no hint of its sumptuous interior decoration," and on that advice we rang the bell, which eventually summoned a young lady from her home nearby. She was the guide, and after extracting from us a substantial fee for the privilege of looking over the marquis's faded inheritance, she began the march through the drafty corridors, reciting the canned commentary in the sing-song of a litany too often performed to evoke any interest, let alone inspiration from its deliverer.

It was a dreary show, a last gasp from a moribund style of life that ekes its final reward by exhibiting itself as a public spectacle, three centuries removed from its prime. The idea that anything that is old and once grand makes a perfect foil to shake a few piasters from the passing tourist is a concept that has got somewhat out of hand in Europe. We fled the gates and made for the green of the open road.

We were heading for Mont-St.-Michel and our route was taking us west across the base of the Cotentin Peninsula. We came, inevitably, on St. Lô, for it lies at the crossroads that lead north to Cherbourg, east to Bayeux and the beaches, west to Coutances, and south to Avranches, where Patton mounted his great advance. It was just this strategic position that led St. Lô to a predestined doom. The Allies bombed it all through that June of 1944, and it became the culmination of the War of the Hedgerows when the Allied advance was painfully slowed by the tangle of brush that criss-crossed every field, holding back the tanks while giving perfect cover to the defenders.

I had rolled through St. Lô late that summer of '44 with hardly a chance for more than a look. I don't recall the aspect being much different from Valognes or Caen, where few buildings stood either. When I returned to France in the fall of 1947 I walked the eerie streets of St. Lô, still strewn with rubble, and of that visit I wrote:

> . . . on the once bustling main street . . . not a house stands . . . in some sections of the city one hears the crack of mason's hammers that is the sound of France rebuilding, but the process is slow and often it is necessary to use the old blocks. . . . From a tree which somehow escaped unharmed, a child rocks back and forth in a swing, and because there is no longer any bell because there is no longer any belfry, the terrible siren still screams twice a day in St. Lô, once at noon and again at six at night.

Now, on a sunlit afternoon twenty years later, we came upon a new city, already somewhat seasoned. The stores shone with plate glass, the streets glistened with young trees, and here and there were evidences of the talents of an architect who cries out with the voice of a new era. Tourists once came to St. Lô to see its fine cathedral, but all that is left of it now are the bombed relics of the twin towers. These will not be reconstructed. They will be kept as they were that July day in 1944, when the Americans fought their way in.

At St. Lô we swung south and as the afternoon waned we were in Villedieu-les-Poêles, running down its cobbled streets past the displays of copper pots hanging on the stone walls and catching the orange of the late sun. It has been producing artisans in copper since the seventeenth century, and their crêpes pans and huge vases and vats are no less a mark of the village than the souvenirs they make for a score of hamlets to sell to the passing tourist. We didn't succumb to the copper, which had the ladies of our party engrossed for some time, but as ladies are wont to do, they emerged without a purchase. The charcuterie found us easier game and we provisioned ourselves with a dozen *tranches* of the famous sausage made in Vire, which provided nourishment for the last lap to Avranches and on to Mont-St.-Michel.

In Avranches, through which we passed, you can buy a seat on a sightseeing plane and fly over Mont-St.-Michel, the abbey built atop an offshore rock. If I had known then what I know now that is precisely what we would have done. Instead, we pressed on for the Mont, rolling quickly through Avranches and never bothering to see the cathedral where Henry II argued with Thomas Becket. Becket was finally murdered, and the king, though pleading innocent of the deed, was forced to do penance at the doorway to the cathedral.

—*H. S.*

Mont-St.-Michel—"Best seen at a distance. From far away it has a certain mysticism."

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The road took us to the monument to General Patton which stands on American soil transported from the United States, in the center of a square. Here Patton stayed while mounting the breakthrough, his forces running into Rennes and St. Nazaire and sealing off Brittany, before turning eastward.

Mont-St.-Michel is best seen at a distance. From far away it has a certain mysticism, and besides, one cannot see all the warts of commercialism that are so oppressive up close.

As we drove along the narrow road that leads straight to Mont-St.-Michel itself, barkers from the last of the roadside inns accosted our car, hoping to flag us in for a meal or a room. Like most tourists, we were in pursuit of the real Mont-St.-Michel, so onward we sped to the very base of the unbelievable monument. Was there a sign of flood that night, the chauffeur inquired? None at all, came the answer of the attendant of the parking lot at sea level. We could leave the car there in safety, but we would have to dismount. From here on there were no cars. The porters would come down for luggage while we made our way through the narrow streets.

There ensued one of those mixups in hotel accommodations and reservations against which one tries to plan with great care. We ended up switching our rooms from the Du Guesclin, which has no rooms with private baths, to the Mère Poulard, which does. But at the Mère Poulard this means that it has some rooms with private bathtubs; the rest of the plumbing is down the hall. It also has walls made of Nabiscos, through which we were to spend the late hours of the night listening to guests being sick in the bath down the hall.

Mont-St.-Michel is so small, the hotel people told us, it is impossible to give monsieur and madame the facilities they would like to have. In lieu of an uncomfortable night I would suggest a visit to Mont-St.-Michel by day (or even a flight over it), but the place is simply too small to expect comfortable quarters. Michelin ranks the Du Guesclin and the Poulard equally as hotels, a point which I would argue, but it gives Mère Poulard a star for its kitchen, and it surely deserves that.

Mère Poulard was the kindly soul who sheltered and gave nourishment to the workmen who built the abbey. Reputedly her omelets were her strongest suit, and the hotel's present management has not let the heritage lapse. The big beating of the omelets commences in the late afternoon, the beaters standing like the drummers at a tattoo, and the spectators rimming the edges of the great hall. For eight minutes the whisk resounds against the deep stainless steel bowl, and then the eggs are committed to the fire and cooked over the wood that crackles in the fireplace. The result is the "world's fluffiest omelet," a matter I will undoubtedly have to argue with Mme. Romaine de Lyon, who fluffs a pretty good omelet in New York. The omelet can be followed by a chop cut from a lamb that has grazed on the salty meadows in front of Mont-St.-Michel, and then been grilled over a wood fire.

Omelets are now advertised by all the hotels and restaurants that have found a tiny niche in which to set up a business in Mont-St.-Michel. Eating is serious business here, because the summer flow of tourists is enormous. Signs importune the stroller to drop by the Hotel de la Croix Blanche et Belle Vue, to sit on the terrace and partake of an omelet, a glass of bordeaux or muscadet, and a basket of bread, all for 3 francs, or 75 cents. As an alternative, the management suggests a dozen oysters, bread, and a glass of wine, all for $1.25, a fair price in any city. The Hotel du Mouton Blanc has a terrace, too, and there one should try, it says, its flat *crêpes Montoises* served with an assortment of cordials.

THIS year the abbey is celebrating its millennium, and the pilgrims will flood into the Rock as they have been doing for centuries. They came even during the Hundred Years War, when it was necessary to get a *laisser passer* from the English, who controlled the area. Innkeeping and souvenir-selling were always big business on the Rock, and hundreds of years ago those who came to offer homage to St. Michael could buy a shield with his image so they could advertise to everyone that they had been to the sacred place. Less religious types could buy small bottles to fill with sand from the shoals around the Mont. They came then on foot, hopefully avoiding the tides, but some were always lost. It is estimated that when the tide comes in its speed is so great that a man on a galloping horse could not outrun it. And then there is the danger from the fog, for it drops so quickly that even on this short crossing a man could lose his way and wander aimlessly out to sea.

The abbey fell into disrepair and even disrepute during the 1600s. Monies were misappropriated and the monks proved to be backsliders. It became at last a prison, first for those convicted of political crimes, and then ordinary criminals. That was perhaps its worst day. In the late 1800s it was taken under the government's wing and classified as a national monument. Now it is being properly restored, at least as far the abbey is concerned. The lower levels where the travelers congregate—nearly 400,000 come each year—is a tawdry tourist mess, unsightly and, certainly, considering the religious aspects of the place, untasteful. The souvenirs on sale today are bottles of cheap perfume shaped like Mont-St.-Michel itself, and postcards of bare ladies leering from behind beach balls.

Along the Route des Ramparts that swings around the face of the Rock you still can see the holes through which the defenders had planned to pour boiling oil on the English. They might better be used on the profiteers and those in charge of a national monument who have let it degenerate into a popcorn stop for rubbernecks.

We rode off in mid-morning and drove east for Paris, pausing only for little village fairs, and, now and then, to take back-country roads whose appeal was irresistible. We were in Haras du Pin for a late lunch, and had a perfectly marvelous one at the elegant little Hostellerie du Tourne-Bride. Michelin tosses it no stars at all, which only leads me to assume its eater was suffering a bit of *foie* the day he stopped by. We were entertained with a fine *pâté de canard en terrine* and a *rillette d'oie;* a *truite de maison* with a cream sauce faintly perfumed with sorrel; and an omelet flaming with the fire of old Calvados. But the specialty, which the host made us try, is the *Delice Tourne-Bride,* a marvel of coffee ice-cream inlaid with currants and flooded with chocolate sauce.

There are eight rooms at Tourne-Bride, all of them done in handsome Norman style, most of them with fireplaces and deep chairs and six with their own plumbing. The management charges $16 complete for the better rooms, and it is a particular delight to come for a week-end and visit the stud farm across the road. It was in full swing when we dropped by. French officers in magnificent uniforms were walking up and down the pebbled paths, looking at a wonderful array of sleek, trimmed, curried, and magnificently groomed horses who were trotted out one by one and evaluated with great care. The crowd that watched was suitably tweedy—many carried their own shooting sticks—and they would have gone well at a meet in Sussex or Maryland, or in a fitting room at Abercrombie and Fitch.

There is no charge for a conducted tour of the stud farm, but one is supposed to give something to the groom who takes you through, and, as the lady who maintained a small souvenir shop made it plain, one is also expected to buy *something.*

It was a beautiful afternoon despite the shakedown, and we rolled onward to Paris quite resigned—anesthetized by the Tourne-Bride's lunch might be a better way of putting it—to entangle ourselves in the late afternoon traffic as it came winding around the Bois de Boulogne and onward into town.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the last of a series of articles on France.)

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IRRI

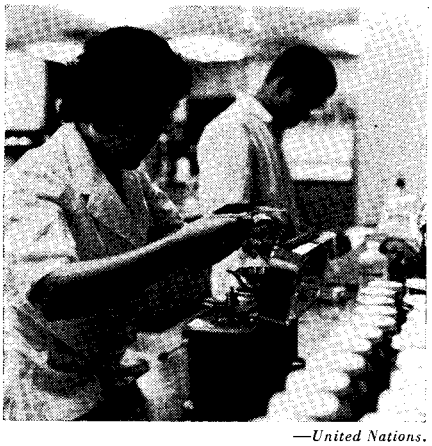
Continued from page 17

elaborate underground irrigation system of concrete pipes. These allow the fields to be flooded, dried out, or given any amount of water that a particular project requires. Some duplicate the extraordinary growing conditions of mountainous areas such as the Ifugao rice terrace north of Manila, the oldest rice field in the world. Others recreate conditions of the monsoon regions—such as the Ganges River basin, the Mekong delta of Vietnam, and the low-lying "rain-barrels" of Sumatra and Ceylon—where land is submerged six months a year. Soils from all over Asia are tested.

Perhaps the most dramatic of IRRI's projects is the creation of improved varieties of rice through hybridization.

"We're in process of actually changing the architecture of the rice plant," Bob Chandler said.

THE major aims of the plant-breeding program are: 1) to produce higher yielding varieties that will mature more rapidly than present strains, thus permitting farmers to raise up to three crops a year instead of the characteristic two, and 2) to produce disease- and insect-resistant types. In the search for these qualities, uncounted numbers of fertilizations and cross-fertilizations have been tried out in the labs, then discarded or transferred to the test plots, then refined, improved upon, painstakingly recrossed, and retested. Varieties of the *Indica* family are doing best so far. The scientists have fifty new plant breeds crossing dwarf and standard *Indica* varieties. When there is enough seed, it will be made available for testing in various parts of the world.



—*United Nations.*

Weighing husks—every known rice strain is being catalogued.

In addition, an entire batch of projects is devoted to the nutritive qualities of rice. In the main laboratory building, I visited the antiseptic-looking shop where biochemists and home economists continuously cook various kinds of rice and test such qualities as the protein content, taste, cookability, and degree of agglutination.

"Taste preferences are a big problem," I was told. "Often, you hear of people who will go hungry rather than eat something they're not used to. We've brought in some rices from Taiwan that grow tremendously well here—but Filipinos won't eat them. They 'cook down' too hard for local tastes. Some types vary from 7 to 16 per cent in protein content. This is a big problem in some countries where they do not get enough protein. Therefore we would like to get people to eat the higher protein-content rice types. But we have to be realistic about it. We'll probably have to breed high protein content gradually into their own local rice strains."

In addition to the effects on nutrition, IRRI's pioneering projects promise to have an important influence on free Asia's economies. An inexpensive fertilizer applicator is being developed, for example, to be manufactured in the Philippines. Esso Standard Fertilizer and Agricultural Chemical Company has built a $30,000,000 fertilizer plant on Bataan with 380 local employes and 2,986 local stockholders. It is recruiting 600 independent local dealers to form a nationwide network to sell fertilizer, seed, and agricultural chemicals. Another company, wholly Philippine-owned, has invested $7,000,000 in a plant that is producing liquid fertilizer. Still another company, Union Carbide, has developed, as a by-product of chemical processes in which it was already involved, a new, highly effective insecticide against the rice-stem borer.

Creating hybrid rice strains—taste as well as cost and nutrition value must be acceptable to local populations.

SMALL local businessmen, too, are beginning to profit by IRRI findings. For example, thirty-six-year-old Juan Ordoveza, a Cornell Agricultural School graduate, is now growing IRRI's most promising rice varieties on his own small farm, to sell certified seed on a mail-order basis all over the islands. "Some day," he told me, "I will be the Sears Roebuck of the seed business."

Governments also are making astute practical use of IRRI's findings. In India, new plants are under construction to produce fertilizer as recommended by IRRI. And in the Philippines, two provinces on Luzon, with the help of the U.S. Agency for International Development, are carrying out "Operation Spread" to build roads and bridges and to get farmers to use IRRI-tested fertilizer, seed, and cultivation methods.

Although IRRI's immediate audience is the scientific community, it keeps its eye constantly on the ultimate user of rice, the individual Asian farmer. Bob Chandler aims regular pep talks in that direction. "We're not magicians," he says. "But we want people to realize that they can get things done, too—if they dig in and get to work."

THE COVER:

WINSLOW HOMER, one of America's most accomplished watercolorists, is remembered for his forthright handling of our native American landscape. Attracted by the play of light on water, sand, and wet skin, Homer repeatedly turned to the sea for inspiration. Whether he painted in Maine or the West Indies, he captured the mood of the moment, sometimes ominous and stormy, sometimes ebullient and dazzlingly bright. Homer's watercolors suggest a speeding wet brush which deliberately eliminated details in order to focus on the larger aspects of the scene. The cover picture, entitled *Nassau*, is from the collection of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Lazarus Fund, 1910, and is reproduced by permission.

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Editorial

(*Continued from page* 19)

interest and the human interest for the United States and the Soviet Union to slow up the world armaments race and indeed to reverse it.

It is important that the American people understand that adequate security in today's world depends more on the control of force than on the pursuit of force. The United States could have four times or more the number of weapons it has today without adding to its security—not so long as other nations possess weapons of absolute destruction and the means of rapid delivery to target. In fact, if the increase in American weaponry is accompanied by an increase in the weaponry of other countries, our security could be diminished, since the number of uncertain situations will also increase.

SOME people, contemplating the mammoth destructive power of nuclear weapons, would have us undertake immediate and unilateral total disarmament. Other people, contemplating the horror that would be represented by the growth and spread of such weapons to potential enemies, would have us either multiply our own weapons or actually use them for the purpose of disposing potential enemies before they dispose of us. Both these groups are wrong.

The first group is wrong because it forgets why the United States armed in the first place. Before the United States can disarm, there must be adequate instruments to provide security—not just for ourselves but for all peoples. In short, the only way disarmament becomes possible is if something takes the place of the arms.

The group that believes in stepping up the pace of the arms race or in actually using the weapons is wrong because it has not yet realized that nuclear war is a double-barreled shotgun, one barrel of which is pointed at the enemy, the other of which is curved around and pointed at the holder.

Neither unilateral disarmament nor an intensified arms race represents a workable answer. The only workable answer lies in the direction of a fully developed United Nations: a U.N. that can draw up the rules of the game for international behavior; a U.N. that can enforce its decisions; a U.N. that can have built into it the checks and balances that can guard against abuse of increased authority.

Obviously, we don't want to give the United Nations more to do than it is prepared to handle. At the same time, we don't want to ignore the clear need of the United Nations for adequate authority if it is to do its original job; namely, to maintain the peace of the world.

A dialogue should begin very soon inside the United Nations as to how the machinery of the U.N. can be made to deal more effectively with the problem of world anarchy; how it can provide workable legal mechanisms to deal with basic causes of war; and how it can underwrite the safety, security, and sovereignty of nations large and small. A strengthened United Nations with the capacity to address itself to common dangers and common needs can lead to a towering increase in the chances for a workable peace.

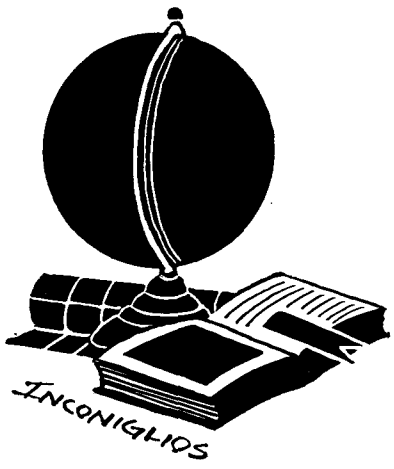
It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that even a strengthened U.N. can end all the causes that have made for war in the past. Nor can it dispose of the ideological competition in the world.

Hunger in the world makes for conflict. So does injustice. The United States, therefore, must be strongly identified with the crusade against both. Only as we become fully effective on this level do we put our maximum assets to work in the non-military struggle.

It has been said that democracy is bound to wage a losing fight against Communism because democracy lacks an ideology. It is said that Communism can give a man a book by Karl Marx that ties together the reasons for his hunger and misery with articles of faith and a blueprint for a way out. Communism promises him a full and just share of what he and his society together are able to produce.

It is said that democracy can't expect to compete with this appeal. Don't believe it. We can agree that it is not enough to talk theoretically about the miracle of freedom to a man whose family needs food and medicine and who is apt to regard talk of freedom as freedom to suffer. But we should not agree democracy lacks an ideology. The points of that ideology are tangible. They are meaningful.

The ideology of democracy begins with the idea that man owns himself—owns his mind and body and the right to his full growth as an individual. He is the most important unit in his society. Nothing that his government owns is as precious as he is.



No government should have the right to tell an individual what to think or believe or what he should do with his life. The individual, however, should be powerful enough to tell his government and the people who work for it that they are knaves or fools, if he believes such to be the case. He can try to persuade other people to do the same.

The appeal of a democratic ideology, properly understood, is potentially nowhere stronger than in the economic field. People need food, homes, schools, hospitals, clothes, books, medicines, means of transportation, appliances. They need leisure time in order to have some sense of the creative possibilities of life and the enjoyment of living. This is what production is all about. No nation holding rigidly to Communist ideas and techniques has been able to grow enough food or produce enough goods for its people.

WHERE there is hunger, however, the proper response of the fortunate is not celebration but an outstretched hand. The United States should never attempt to withhold surplus food on political grounds.

Nor should we wait until adequate appreciation is expressed for the system that produced the surplus. We can leave the scoring system to history. Indeed, the United States should stand ready at any time to work with any nation, regardless of politics or ideology, in making known our methods of gaining new knowledge with respect to increasing agricultural yield.

Hundreds of millions of people in our world are hungry not just for food but social justice. They want and are entitled to a chance to live and grow, a chance to educate their children and prepare them for a better, fuller, and freer life than they themselves have known.

All of us—all of us humans—had better begin to make sense of our world; it's the only one we have. We are all dependent on the same environment. The air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we grow, the vital balances of nature that make life possible—these are the basics of human existence. Those basics could be, and in many cases already are, in jeopardy.

The human race has the knowledge and the sources of energy to meet its basic problems. But these problems cannot be attacked piecemeal. They must be part of a total world plan and a total world effort. A world under law—a world in which human intelligence and resources are pitted fully against human problems—should be the unifying principle of American foreign policy.

—N. C.

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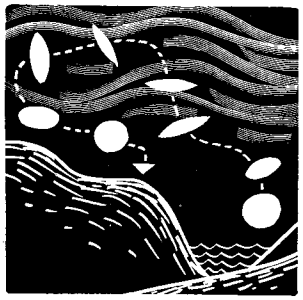
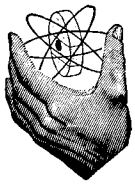


—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHAT ARE THE UNIDENTIFIED AERIAL OBJECTS?

THE opening chapter of *The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel* reports a strange event in "the land of the Chaldeans by the river Chebar . . . in the fifth day of the month, which was the fifth year of king Jehoiachin's captivity." The St. James translation of Ezekiel's words runs as follows:

> And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire.
>
> Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.
>
> And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings.
>
> And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot: and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass.
>
> And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides; and they four had their faces and their wings.
>
> Their wings were joined one to another; they turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward.
>
> As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle.
>
> Thus were their faces: and their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies.
>
> And they went every one straight forward: whither the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not when they went.
>
> As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning.
>
> And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning.
>
> Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.
>
> The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl: and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.
>
> When they went, they went upon their four sides: and they turned not when they went.
>
> As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about them four.
>
> And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them: and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up.
>
> Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went, thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.

ACCORDING to Ezekiel's account of the happening, he was so thoroughly awed and frightened that he "fell upon my face." While prone, he "heard a voice of one that spake" and a short while later "I heard also the noise of the wings of the living creatures that touched one another, and the noise of the wheels over against them, and the noise of a great rushing." Finally, he was lifted up and taken away to a place by the Chebar where he "sat . . . astonished . . . seven days."

Ezekiel claimed that he had been in the hands of God, and that since Ezekiel was an inconspicuous priest at the time, the landing of the winged wheels carrying a voice was simply God's way of dramatizing Ezekiel's appointment as "a watchman unto the house of Israel." Successive translators of the *Bible* have accepted Ezekiel's adventure as a visionary one. But another and quite different interpretation of Ezekiel's experience, made long afterwards, was given prominence in a book published last year by Henry Regnery Company under the title: *Anatomy of a Phenomenon*. The author, French-born mathematician Jacques Vallee, while taking no firm position of his own on the matter, quoted from without disapproving modern "books dealing with unidentified flying objects" which find some of Ezekiel's expressions "similar to those commonly used by witnesses of modern sightings of UFOs." One passage cited by Vallee reads:

"Ezekiel's narrative in the *Bible* is mainly concerned with describing this incident in his own phraseology, however vague it may seem to us today. Ezekiel lived in an era of few metals and no machines. The war chariot and the plough were the last words in their 'technology.' For this reason it was extremely difficult for Ezekiel to portray . . . the event . . . with his vocabulary."

Vallee's own text proceeds:

"According to the same sources, an attempt to reconstruct from Ezekiel's words a model of the phenomenon in modern terms would lead to a conception of a machine rather than a natural phenomenon such as a mirage:

" 'The vehicle which Ezekiel observed had four distinct pillars. From each pillar protruded two wings, eight in all,

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which moved about. At the base of each column there were rings with circular openings. The four columns formed a cubic body over which there was a transparent dome. For lack of any better term Ezekiel defined it as a "firmament." A throne of sapphire stone crowned the dome, encircled by a rainbow. The reference to sapphire, amber, crystal, and beryl may be allusions to plastics which certain parts of the ship were made of.

"'The prophet describes the workings of this extraordinary craft. Except for the wings no other parts moved. The wings produced a sound "like the noise of great waters." A fiery and thunderous exhaust issued from the base of the engine.

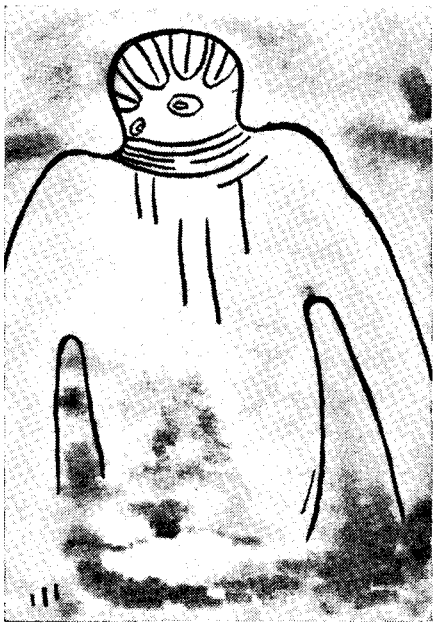
"'The incident is so objectively depicted that it could hardly be considered a tale to impress superstitious listeners.'"

IT is only in recent times that astronomers have come to believe that beings with intelligence equal or superior to that of earthly men must inhabit hundreds if not thousands of planets of stars other than our sun (see *SR*, Jan. 2, 1960). If Ezekiel had been the unwitting agent of a distant civilization that discovered planet earth and considered earthmen degenerate, it would be logical to assume that his principals had been observing earth for a long time. A still more recent book than mathematician Vallee's—this one, written jointly by Russian astronomer I. S. Shklovskii and Harvard astronomer Carl Sagan, is titled *Intelligent Life in the Universe* and published by Holden-Day—explores the implications such observations may have for our earthly past and future. The text of *Intelligent Life in the Universe* points out:

> Some 25,000,000 years ago, there existed a creature named Proconsul who was probably ancestral both to *Homo sapiens* and to the great apes. Proconsul was erect, bipedal, and tool-using. The subsequent evolution in the line of man has been marked, as all evolutionary tracks are, by fits and starts and dead ends. We see, for example, the late Parenthropus, late Java man, and late Neanderthal man all represent evolutionary dead ends. They were intelligent, communicative, and probably had their own simple cultures, but they left no issue. Had the physical environment been slightly different, had the accidents of daily existence occurred another way, *Homo sapiens* might have been an evolutionary dead end, and perhaps today there would have been a technical civilization of Pithecanthropi on the planet earth; or perhaps no civilization at all.
>
> But these matters, while difficult for us to reconstruct from a distance of millions of years, would have been much clearer to a technical civilization greatly in advance of the present one on earth, which visited us every hundred thousand years or so to see if anything of interest was happening lately. Some 25,000,000 years ago, a Galactic survey ship on a routine visit to the third planet of a relatively common G dwarf [star, the sun] may have noted an interesting and promising evolutionary development: Proconsul. The information would have filtered at the speed of light slowly through the [Milky Way] Galaxy, and a notation would have been made in some central information repository, perhaps at the Galactic center. If the emergence of intelligent life on a planet is of general scientific or other interest to the Galactic civilizations, it is reasonable that with the emergence of Proconsul, the rate of sampling of our planet should have increased, perhaps to about once every 10,000 years. At the beginning of the most recent post-glacial epoch, the development of social structure, art, religion, and elementary technical skills should have increased the contact frequency still further. But if the interval between sampling is only several thousand years, there is then a possibility that contact with an extraterrestrial civilization has occurred within historical times.

Shklovskii and Sagan agree that "there are no reliable reports of direct contact with an extraterrestrial civilization during the last few centuries, when critical scholarship and nonsuperstitious reasoning have been fairly widespread." They classify as "highly debatable" the postulations of Soviet ethnologist M. M. Agrest that representatives from an extraterrestrial civilization visited earth in the more distant past. "Although certain claims have been made from time to time, no known ancient artifacts have been unambiguously connected with a cosmic visit," the two astronomers declare. "Much commotion was made over the discovery of the image of a 'Martian god' complete with space suit, found in cliffs overlooking the Sahara. It transpired that these Tassili frescoes represented, in fact, an ordinary human being in a ritual mask and costume. The press tends to exaggerate and over-publicize such matters. Such publicity is due, of course, to widespread popular interest in the possibility of contact with intelligent extraterrestrials. But for this very reason, we must examine critically any purported artifacts uncovered."

ONE historical episode Professor Sagan does feel is worthy of further analysis in relation to the possibility of contact between earthmen and ambassadors from the planets of other stars. That is the story of the Sumerian people. Sumer, he reminds, "was an early—perhaps the first—civilization in the contemporary sense on the planet earth. It was founded in the fourth millennium B.C. or earlier. We do not know where the Sumerians came from. Their language was strange; it had no cognates with any known Indo-European language, and is understood only because a later people, the Akkadians, compiled extensive Sumerian-Akkadian dictionaries." Sagan goes on:



—*From "Intelligent Life in the Universe."*

One of the 6000 B.C. frescoes at Tassili-n-ajjer in Africa.

> The successors to the Sumerians and Akkadians were the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Persians. Thus the Sumerian civilization is in many respects the ancestor of our own. I feel that if Sumerian civilization is depicted by the descendants of the Sumerians themselves to be of nonhuman origin, the relevant legends should be examined carefully. I do not claim that the following is necessarily an example of extraterrestrial contact, but it is the type of legend that deserves more careful study.
>
> Taken at face value, the legend suggests that contact occurred between human beings and a nonhuman civilization of immense powers on the shores of the Persian Gulf, perhaps near the site of the ancient Sumerian city of Eridu, and in the fourth millennium B.C. or earlier. There are three different but cross-referenced accounts of the *Apkallu* dating from classical times. Each can be traced back to Berosus, a priest of Bel-Marduk, in the city of Babylon, at the time of Alexander the Great. Berosus, in turn, had access to cuneiform and pictographic records dating back several thousand years before his time.

Sagan next quotes, from the 1876 revised edition of Cory's *Ancient Fragments*, Greek and Latin translations of the three separate accounts he mentions: those of Alexander Polyhistor, Abydenus, and Appolodorus. There is space here only for the Polyhistor version:

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Berosus, in his first book concerning the history of Babylonia, informs us that he lived in the time of Alexander, the son of Philip. And he mentions that there were written accounts preserved at Babylon with the greatest care, comprehending a term of fifteen myriads of years. These writings contained a history of the heavens and the sea; of the birth of mankind; also of those who had sovereign rule; and of the actions achieved by them.

And, in the first place, he describes Babylonia as a country which lay between the Tigris and Euphrates. He mentions that . . . the part of Babylon which bordered upon Arabia was barren, and without water; but that which lay on the other side had hills, and was fruitful. At Babylon there was (in these times) a great resort of people of various nations, who inhabited Chaldea, and lived without rule and order, like the beasts of the field.

In the first year there made its appearance, from a part of the Persian Gulf which bordered upon Babylonia, an animal endowed with reason, who was called Oannes. (According to the account of Apollodorus) the whole body of the animal was like that of a fish; and had under a fish's head another head, and also feet below, similar to those of a man, subjoined to the fish's tail. His voice, too, and language was articulate and human; and a representation of him is preserved even to this day.

This Being, in the daytime used to converse with men; but took no food at that season; and he gave them an insight into letters, and sciences, and every kind of art. He taught them to construct houses, to found temples, to compile laws, and explained to them the principles of geometrical knowledge. He made them distinguish the seeds of the earth, and showed them how to collect fruits. In short, he instructed them in everything which could tend to soften manners and humanize mankind. . . .

SAGAN emphasizes that Polyhistor, Abydenus, and Appolodorus all chronicle the same "remarkable sequence of events. Sumerian civilization is depicted by the descendants of the Sumerians themselves to be of nonhuman origin. A succession of strange creatures appears over the course of several generations. Their only apparent purpose is to instruct mankind. Each knows of the mission and accomplishments of his predecessors. . . . The straightforward nature of this account of contact with superior beings is notable. Oannes and the other *Apkallu* are described variously as 'animals endowed with reason,' as 'beings,' as 'semi-daemons,' and as 'personages'—never as gods."

At one time archeological and anthropological evidence indicated strongly that the Sumerian civilization crystallized out of chaos virtually overnight. So precipitate a change would tend to support the speculation that Sumerian knowledge came full blown from a superior source of wisdom. More modern research suggests that Sumerian civilization developed over a long period, lessening the probability of a sudden visitation from a "teaching" culture far-off. Clay cylinders bearing likenesses that seem to corroborate the myth of extraterrestrial contact (see sketch on this page) may therefore be, Sagan concedes, "nothing more than the experiments of the ancient unconscious mind to understand and portray a sometimes incomprehensible, sometimes hostile environment. The stories of the *Apkallu* may have been made out of whole cloth, perhaps as late as Babylonian times, perhaps by Berosus himself. But stories like the Oannes legend, and representations especially of the earliest civilizations on the earth, deserve much more critical studies than have been performed heretofore, with the possibility of direct contact with an extraterrestrial civilization as one of many possible alternative interpretations."

Despite the apparent absence of identifiable evidence, Sagan insists it is statistically possible "that the earth has been visited by various Galactic civilizations many times (possibly about 10,000 during geological time). It is not out of the question even that some kind of base is maintained within the solar system to provide continuity for successive expeditions. Because of weathering and the possibility of detection and interference by the inhabitants of the earth, it might have appeared preferable not to erect such a base on the earth's surface. The moon seems one reasonable alternative site for a base. The cosmic visitors would probably reason that by the time man had developed the technology to explore the far side of the moon, he would also have attained a certain limited degree of advancement and might be called civilized. Forthcoming high-resolution photographic reconnaissance of the moon —particularly, of the back side—from space vehicles might bear these possibilities in mind."

—From "Intelligent Life in the Universe."

Detail from a Sumer cylinder: fish-headed and -footed man.

I HAVE followed Professor Sagan's historical approach to the contemporary controversy over unidentified aerial objects (more often and more dubiously called "unidentified *flying* objects," or UFOs) because of his unique position in the argument. He is the only nonmember of the U.S. Air Force Scientific Advisory Board who sat on the 1966 *ad hoc* committee that board assigned to review Air Force handling of UFO sightings. The *ad hoc* committee after an all-day meeting last February unanimously concurred in three major conclusions: 1) "In the nineteen years since the first UFO was sighted there has been no evidence that unidentified flying objects are a threat to our national security;" 2) "In nineteen years and more than 10,000 sightings recorded and classified, there appears to be no verified and fully satisfactory evidence of any case that is clearly outside the framework of presently known science and technology;" 3) "Although the resources assigned to it have been quite limited (only one officer, a sergeant, and a secretary) . . . the present Air Force program dealing with UFO sightings has been well-organized." Taken together, these conclusions plainly do not support the accusation that the Air Force, or a faction within it, has conspired to withhold from the American people information about the arrival on earth of emissaries from civilized peoples on other planets. Contrariwise, the committee findings do not preclude the possibility of extraterrestrial visitations and do include recommendations that the Air Force "provide opportunity for scientific investigation of selected sightings in more detail and depth than has been possible to date" in order not to close off any chance "that analysis of new sightings may provide some additions to scientific knowledge."

On page 50 of this issue of *SR*, Professor Sagan vividly expresses his doubts about the reality of "flying saucers." And at still another place (see page 44), *SR* TRADE WINDS columnist John G. Fuller reports at second hand a modern echo of the Ezekiel experience. These are the two extremes of the current UFO debate.

Since *Incident at Exeter*, Fuller's book on the subject, has been advertised as "the book that will cause the Air Force to admit that UFOs are real," many people assume that the assembling of the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board committee referred to above was provoked by the claims of sixty people that they had seen one or more UFOs out-

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side the town of Exeter, New Hampshire. This assumption is wrong. The Exeter episode occurred in September 1965, one month after the Public Information Office of the Air Force wrote a letter that led to the convening of the Scientific Advisory Board *ad hoc* committee. I have seen that letter. It was not written in pursuit of any unidentified aerial object. A known research balloon had gone astray high in the atmosphere and had been floating on the winds over the midwestern states for days, bringing insistent calls from curious newsmen. PIO asked Air Force Operations to help in telling a more complete story on such matters to the press, and Operations bucked the letter back; only if the scientists could produce more information would there be more information to pass on to the papers.

Incident at Exeter raised several serious questions. One was the possibility that the recent electric power blackout in the northeastern United States, and similar blackouts elsewhere in the country, were due to electromagnetic effects of UFOs. I cannot find an electrical or electronics engineer who accepts this idea. *Incident at Exeter* also alleged that the Air Force surrounds UFO information with secrecy. Perhaps columnist Fuller had some unfortunate experiences in this regard, but I was granted access to all UFO reports except one. The exception was the Robertson panel report of 17 January 1953. The text of it, I was told, was classified because the panel had been called at the request of the Central Intelligence Agency. At my own request, the Air Force asked CIA to declassify the Robertson report text; as these words are written, no reply has been received. In absence of the text, however, the Air Force has given me a summary of the report, which reads as follows:

> 1. The undersigned Panel of Scientific Consultants has met at the request of the Government to evaluate any possible threat to national security posed by Unidentified Flying Objects ("Flying Saucers"), and to make recommendation. The Panel has received the evidence as presented by cognizant Governmental agencies, primarily the United States Air Force, and has reviewed a selection of the best documented incidents.
>
> 2. As a result of its considerations, the Panel *concludes*:
>
> That the evidence presented on Unidentified Flying Objects shows

A REPORT OF A HYPNOTIC EPISODE WITH A UFO IN

SEVERAL people called from Exeter to report that an unusual case had broken in the Boston and New Hampshire papers involving a highly respected couple who had encountered a UFO at close quarters back in 1961, and who had been so traumatically shattered by the experience that they had had to undergo hypnoanalysis by one of the highest ranking medical psychiatrists in Boston in order to repair the damage they had suffered. I had heard of this case from the Exeter police but had not followed it up because I was confining my research strictly to recent cases.

Although I was resolved to keep to plan, I felt it necessary to explore a development resulting from this case, which was that the couple had decided to speak at a meeting at the Pearce Memorial Unitarian-Universalist Church in Dover, New Hampshire, on November 7, 1965, breaking a long silence they had observed because they did not want publicity or ridicule that might accrue from the exposure of their story. Since the New England press had broken the story, they wanted to correct any misconceptions arising from the newspaper accounts, and had agreed to speak on invitation from the church.

I was to learn later of an interesting angle of that invitation. Lt. Alan Brandt, a public information officer at the Pease Air Force Base, was a member of the church, and had helped arrange the meeting. Perhaps this was significant. I learned by phone that it was just possible that the Air Force was unofficially permitting a story to leak out. But this was pure speculation. . . .

Under separate hypnosis, I learned, [the couple who were to speak—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Hill], both penetrated a period of amnesia which had lasted for two hours following the UFO landing next to their car. Under hypnosis, they related that they had been taken aboard the strange craft, assured that they would not be harmed, given a physical examination by a group of humanoid creatures, and released with the assurance that they would have no conscious memory whatever of the experience.

The sessions were taped by the psychiatrist, then funneled slowly back to the conscious minds of the couple as the therapy progressed. The technique was successful in eliminating the dreams and nightmares both husband and wife had suffered following the experience. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hill made any claim as to the validity of what they had related to the psychiatrist under hypnosis. They had told close friends only that this was what had come out on the tapes, accounting for two hours which had mysteriously disappeared from an evening in their lives.

The story had broken in the papers, four years after the event, through a meeting of the Hills with technical people interested in the UFO portion of the story. The Hills had spoken at this session at the request of Walter Webb, a member of the staff of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston. It was the first time the couple had mentioned the episode to any but their closest friends. They were acutely sensitive to adverse publicity because Barney Hill, a leader in the New Hampshire National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was a Negro; his wife Betty, a social worker for the state of New Hampshire, was white. Partners in a mixed marriage, they knew that involvement with a sensational story like this could have damaging results because of the prejudices within the population.

Both Hills were extremely intelligent, and highly regarded. Barney Hill had received citations and awards for his community work from both the Governor of New Hampshire and Sargent Shriver. Betty Hill was a dedicated social worker, whom the Exeter police said was unflagging in her work to help the poor. The psychiatrist involved was an outstanding medical man, known throughout the world for his accomplishments in the neuropsychiatric field.

It was a complex, bizarre story. However, because it was four years old, I resolved to confine myself to the church meeting. . . .

I was surprised to see that Lieutenant Brandt, the public information officer at Pease AFB, was on the speaker's platform in his Air Force uniform. It indicated that there was at least tacit Air Force approval of his being a speaker at the meeting, but whether or not it suggested that the Air Force was ready to leak out UFO news at a meeting like this, or test public reaction, no one could tell.

Lieutenant Brandt's introductory speech was certainly vague and unilluminating. He merely reviewed the Air Force policy on UFOs as expressed in its own handbook, without any further elaboration. He did indicate that the Air Force took UFO sightings seriously

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no indication that these phenomena constitute a direct physical threat to national security.

We firmly believe that there is no residuum of cases which indicates phenomena which are attributable to foreign artifacts capable of hostile acts, and that there is no evidence that the phenomena indicate a need for the revision of current scientific concepts.

3. In the light of this conclusion, the Panel recommends:

That the national security agencies take immediate steps to strip the Unidentified Flying Objects of the special status they have been given and the aura of mystery they have unfortunately acquired.

We suggest that this aim may be achieved by an integrated program designed to reassure the public of the total lack of evidence of inimical forces behind the phenomena.

Signed to this document are the names of the panelists: Luis W. Alvarez, University of California; Lloyd V. Berkner, Associated Universities, Inc.; S. A. Goudsmit, Brookhaven National Laboratories; Thornton Page, Johns Hopkins University; and H. P. Robertson, California Institute of Technology, chairman.

"Aura of mystery" was the key phrase in the Robertson panel précis. I found similar wording in all the earlier Air Force reports I saw, including the very first one, written in 1949, two years after Kenneth Arnold, a businessman who piloted his own airplane, started the modern UFO excitement by telling the newspapers he had watched "a chainlike formation of disc-shaped objects" cavorting in the sky around Mount Rainier in the Rockies. The "aura of mystery" existed and persisted because the task of tracking UFOs originally had been assigned to the intelligence unit of the Air Force Materiel Command at the Wright-Patterson Air Base near Dayton, Ohio. Intelligence men are not supposed to talk about their work; so information about UFOs was put into secret dossiers —five of them in all: Project Sign, Project Grudge No. 1, Project Grudge No. 2, Project Grudge No. 3, and Project Grudge No. 4. From the beginning those engaged in the assignment expressed respect for the intellectual caliber and professional competence of many UFO sighters and were unwilling to dismiss the UFO accounts that came from such people. Far from being rejected, outside interest was actively sought. Dr. J. Allan Hynek, then an Ohio State University astronomer, was immediately attached

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NEW ENGLAND

and that anyone sighting them should report them to the Pease Air Force Base immediately.

The Hills spoke very circumspectly of their experience. They pointed out emphatically that although their hypnotic therapy had revealed to them on tape recordings that they were taken aboard the strange craft and given a physical examination by intelligent humanoid beings, they could not testify that this was the truth. They *could* testify to their conscious sighting of the UFO as it came down near their car, but beyond that neither the Hills nor the psychiatrist could fully explain the mystery of the two hours of amnesia which followed....

The couple had left Canada, driving south toward Portsmouth, and stopped at a restaurant in Colebrook, New Hampshire, on the Canadian border. "When Betty and I left Colebrook," Mr. Hill said, "we never remembered the exact time until we were regressed back under hypnosis. Here, I had looked at a clock on the wall, and the time was five minutes after ten at night. We drove down Route 3, and when we arrived at Groveton, Betty called my attention to a light that was moving in the sky. And I looked at it, and actually to me it was nothing unusual except that we were fortunate enough to see a satellite. It had no doubt gone off its course, and you could see that it was going along the curvature of the earth. It was quite a distance out, meaning that it looked like a star.

"So, this is exciting in itself, and we had 7 x 50 binoculars with us, which we always take with us on vacation. And I stopped the car, so that we could both get a look at the object. Suddenly, Betty said, 'Barney, if you call that a star or a satellite, you are being ridiculous. Just look at it.' So with the naked eye, without taking the binoculars, I could see that it was not a distant thing far out there, but now more like a plane. I said, 'Betty, we obviously made a mistake. That's a commercial plane on its way to Canada.' It was traveling from the south, going north. And I was facing west, meaning I was facing toward Vermont. So I took the binoculars and started looking, and then I was completely amazed. Because instead of continuing on the northerly pattern, it turned toward the west, toward the direction of Vermont, completing the turn and then coming in toward us. Then I noticed a winking sort of light pattern, not at all like a conventional aircraft. And although I was amazed, I told Betty that it was probably a Piper Cub or some other light plane, and that it wasn't anything to be concerned about.

"We got into the car, and started driving south on Route 3. Betty continued to look out and she said, 'Well, Barney, if it is whatever you're calling it, I don't know why. Because it's still out there, and still following us.' I would slow down occasionally, and would look out and see that it was still there. And I felt a little uncomfortable about the whole thing. I thought that probably some hunters or fishermen had a light plane, and could see us on the highway, and were following us.

"When we reached Cannon Mountain . . . , this object went around the western side of the mountain.... The object . . . was now facing us on the highway, still some distance away. I was completely baffled by this, and I was hoping a car would pass us one way or another, because there was some comfort thinking I could stop someone and ask if they saw the same thing."

MR. HILL then described the actual encounter.

The object settled down, about 200 feet in the air. He began walking toward it, peering through the binoculars. It looked to both him and his wife like a huge pancake. Around the base was a band of light, and through the binoculars he saw a row of structural windows. What's more, he could actually discern figures inside the craft, and he ran back to the car, jumped in, and started to drive off.

Then the craft rose up, circled the car, and went out of sight over the roof.

Both the Hills heard a strange, electronic beeping sound and began to feel a strange tingling sensation. It was at this point that their memory was blocked completely for a two-hour period of total amnesia.

The Hills refused to discuss the details of their experience as recalled on the tapes under hypnosis. They did not regain consciousness until they had driven some thirty miles to the south. The professional help they sought was instrumental in relieving them of the traumatic neuroses resulting from the experience, but they both insisted that they were making no claims beyond the conscious recollection of the incident.

"We just don't know the answer," Mr. Hill concluded. "We sought the best professional psychiatric help possible, and this is the answer we got."

—JOHN G. FULLER
in *Incident At Exeter*,
©1966 by John G. Fuller,
(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $5.95).

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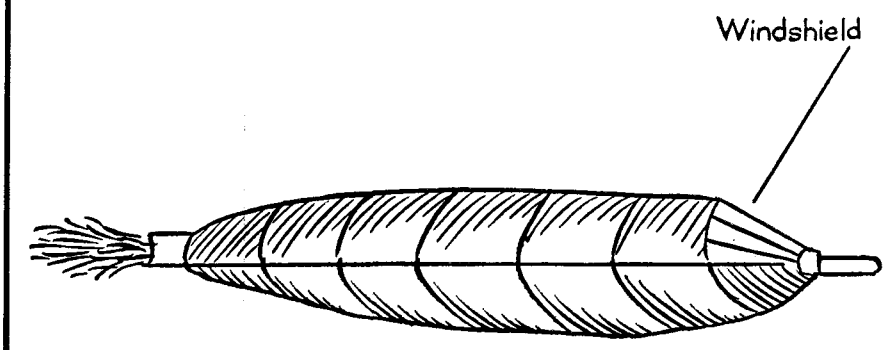
to the enterprise as a continuing consultant, and scientists more eminent than he were asked for occasional advice. The late Nobel laureate Irving Langmuir, for example, was brought in from General Electric, Dr. G. E. Valley from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. James Lipp from the RAND Corporation. Unnamed agents were summoned from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, ball lightning experts from the U.S. Weather Bureau, nuclear power specialists from the Atomic Energy Commission. One theory thoroughly investigated rose from a suspicion that German rocket technicians captured by the Russians were catapulting "clay pigeons" of enormous size; another theory was that the planet Mars was populated, and the people there had been attracted by the five nuclear explosions set off up to then on planet earth.

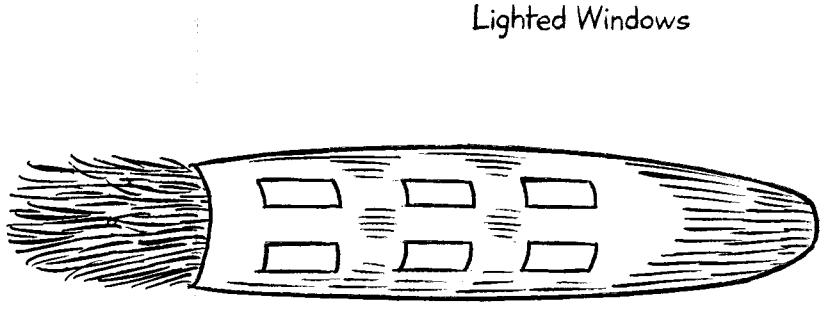
It was recognized almost from the start that the secret nature of the search process only antagonized qualified informants and made them suspicious of what was happening to information they supplied; at the same time, the secrecy added to the psychological burden of curiosity seekers, the credulous, and the hysterical. UFOs undoubtedly were real, but what did reality mean—physical objects, optical illusions, atmospheric anomalies, mirages, hallucinations? To sort the significant from the irrelevant, Air Force brass decided, in March 1952, to tot the score and hire an electronic computer under private contract to draw up a model of a UFO. At that time, 1,300 UFO sightings were on record in the Air Force intelligence files; of these, 434 had been classified as unknowns; but it turned out that only a dozen of the 434 were defined clearly enough for the computer to consider. Sketches representing nine of those twelve are reproduced on this and the opposite page.

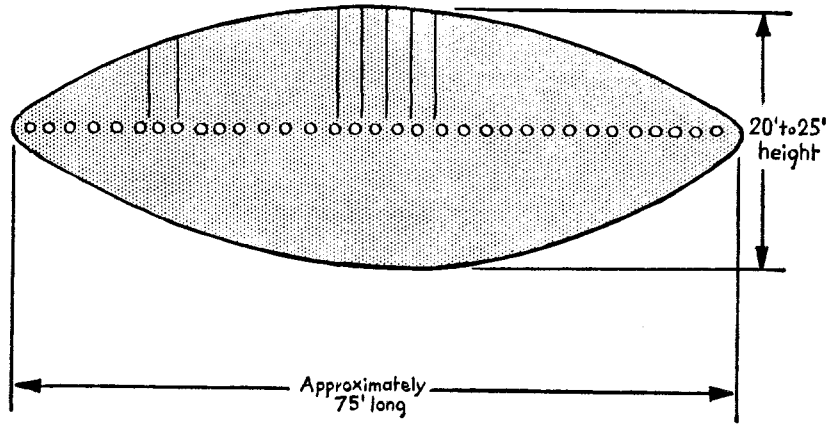
Computer programmers charged with responsibility for synthesizing the master model for a UFO grew more discouraged as their work progressed. They had to try to encompass four distinct shapes that appeared in the twelve sketches: a propeller shape, a winged aircraft shape, a cigar shape, and an elliptical or disc shape. Besides, one shape was smooth, with no protrusions or other details; another shape had rocket or jet pods on each side that were shooting out flames; another shape had a fin or rudder attached to it; another shape had portholes or windows. In presenting the outcome in Project Blue Book Special Report Number 14 (the two words, Blue Book, told the initiated that the UFO search was no longer a secret project, for secret project code names contain only one word) in 1955, the Air Force pointed out that "the data as a whole . . . [when] scientifically evaluated and arranged . . . did not show any marked

NINE VERSIONS OF

Sketches from U. S. Air







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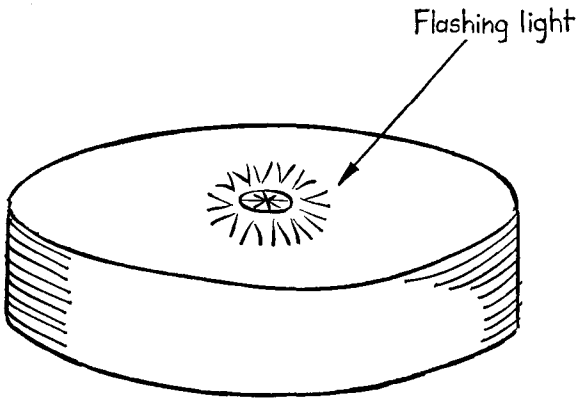
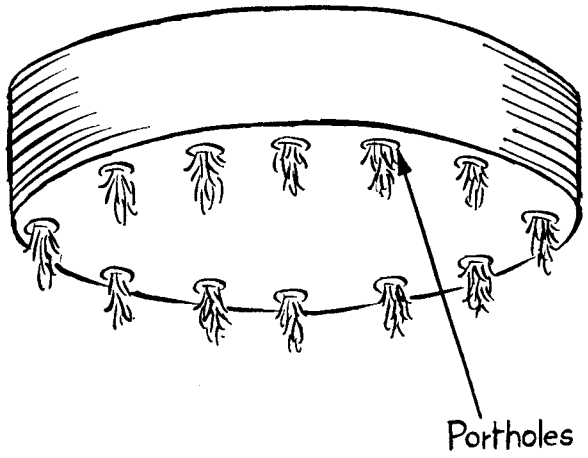
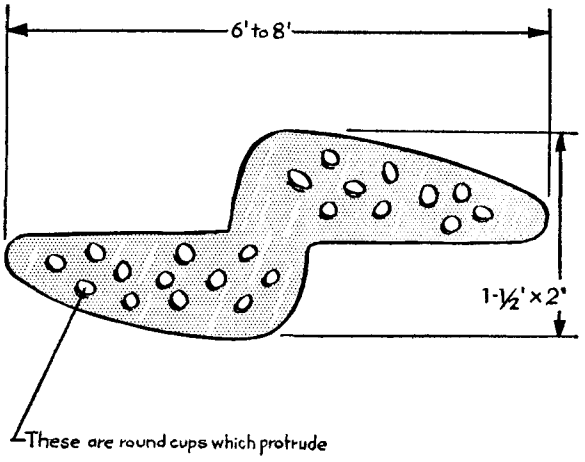
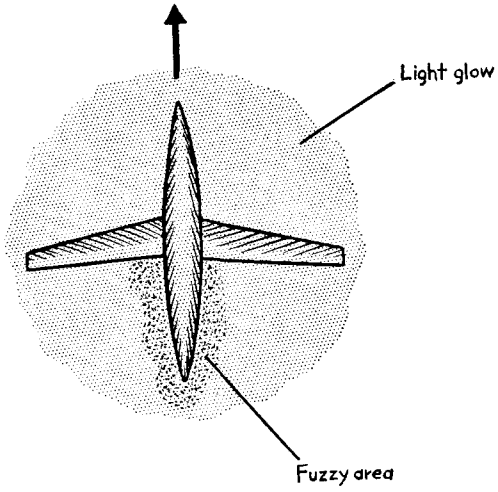
UNIDENTIFIED AERIAL OBJECTS

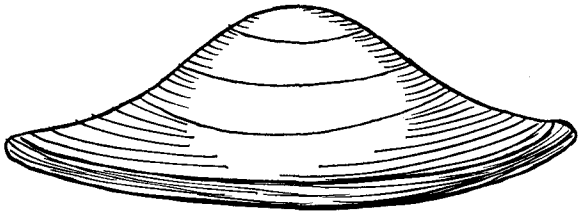
Force Blue Book Special Report No. 14

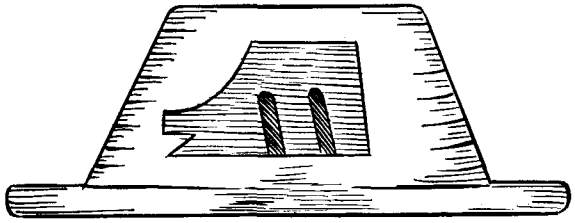












(Side View)

—Doug Anderson, following Air Force-Library of Congress records.

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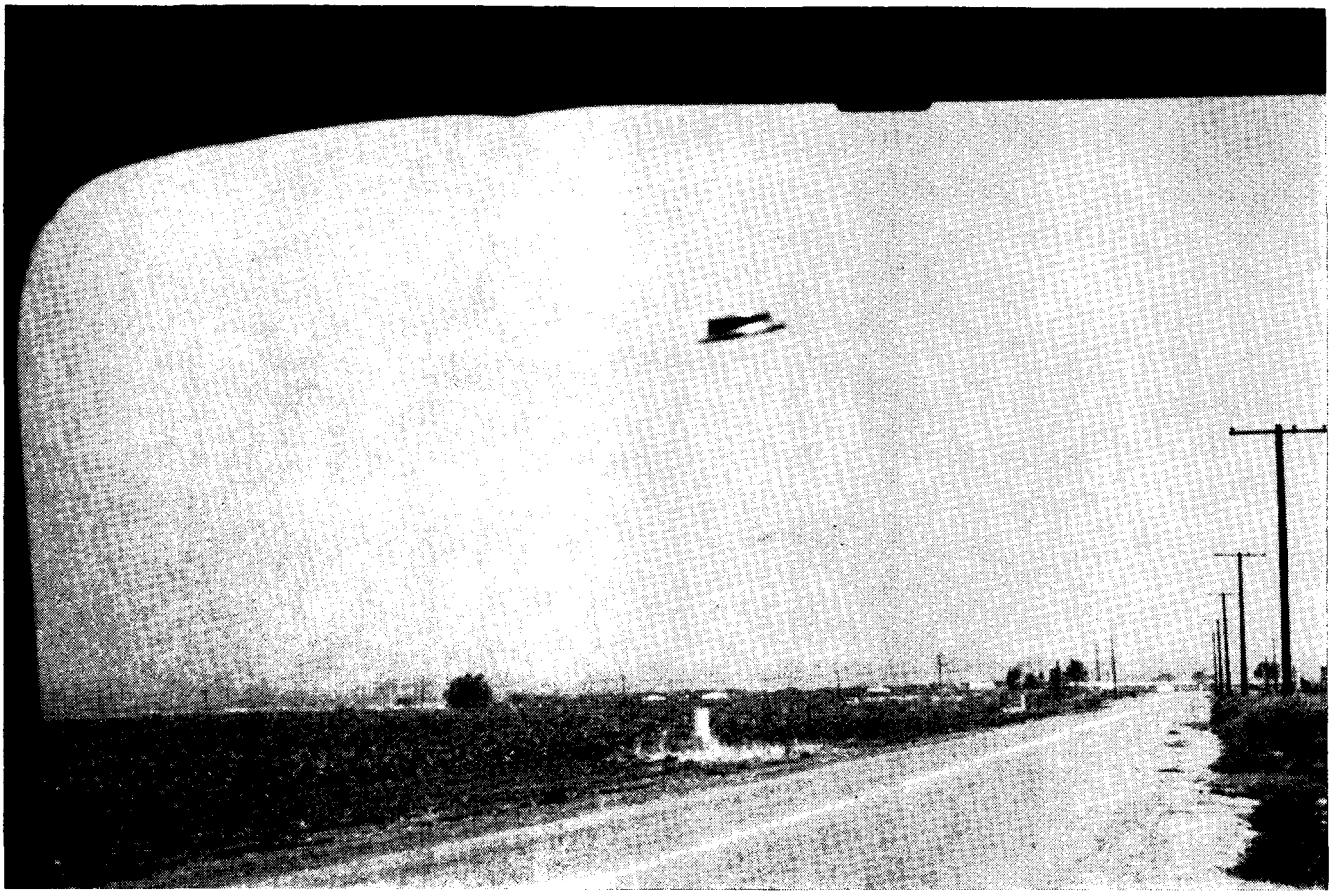

—NICAP.

When asked for a photograph of a UFO, the National Investigating Committee on Aerial Phenomena, persistent critic of the U.S. Air Force, offered this one. NICAP says the picture was taken through the windshield of a public motor vehicle at 11:30 A.M. on August 3, 1965, by county highway investigator Rex Heflin, Santa Ana, California.

patterns or trends." "It is emphasized," Special Report Number 14 declared, "that there was a complete lack of any valid evidence consisting of physical matter in any case of a reported unidentified aerial object."

At that point in time, the Robertson panel was convened, with the results already described here. The only major documentary development since then is a mimeographed UFO report distributed by the Library of Congress Legislative Reference Bureau under the title, "Facts about Unidentified Flying Objects." UFOs have continued to be reported, in the same wavelike pattern that has prevailed since 1947; the official figures were in this table, submitted to the Armed Services Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives early in 1966:

Year	*Total sightings*	*Unidentified*
1947	122	12
1948	156	7
1949	186	22
1950	210	27
1951	169	22
1952	1,501	303
1953	509	42
1954	489	46
1955	545	24
1956	670	14
1957	1,006	14
1958	627	10
1959	390	12
1960	557	14
1961	591	13
1962	474	15
1963	399	14
1964	562	19
1965	886	16

As newspaper accounts of UFO sightings surge and die, letters addressed to the Air Force at the Pentagon rise and fall in number. UFOs are now a favorite topic for public school essays, and young Mrs. Sara Hunt, of the community relations branch of the Air Force Public Information Office in Washington, D.C., struggles to keep up with their queries. Here is her box score, month by month, for the last year:

May 1965	231 letters
June	152
July	194
August	387
September	254
October	294
November	336
December	323
January 1966	408
February	474
March	779
April	1,597
May	1,173
June	904

With literally thousands of people interested in the problem of UFO identity, it might be supposed that after nineteen years of watching, someone would have managed to obtain some piece of unequivocal evidence of the presence of a UFO. But even when sixty people claim to have witnessed the same landing, as John Fuller says was the case in New Hampshire last year, none could offer unassailable proof of what he saw. The clearest photograph of a supposed UFO (see above) shows what looks like a straw hat floating through the air.

The closest approach to a UFO "imprint" is a set of four rectangular depressions that were found in a gravelly gully near Socorro, New Mexico, after policeman Lonnie Zamora on April 24, 1964, reported seeing a white oval-shaped object, approximately the size of an automobile, taking off into the sky. Air Force investigators confirmed the presence of the four depressions, but could discover no sign of rocket blast, burned propellant, or radiation residue. The Air Force men were preceded to the site by agents of the National Investigating Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), a non-profit organization claiming a membership of 5,000 dedicated to uncovering the truth about UFOs. Richard Hall, assistant director of NICAP, has been quoted by

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John Fuller as saying "It looked as if the landing gear [of the UFO] had scraped down" a rock "and left some metal on it." A sample of the metal was analyzed by a private Washington, D.C. chemical laboratory, and, Hall said, "they [the lab] identified this substance as silica." The most common form of silica is sand.

FROM a strict scientific perspective, the chances of an extraterrestrial vehicle penetrating earth's atmosphere, hovering or landing, and taking off again without detection are astronomically small. To begin with, the sky is now continually scanned by radars that can tell when an object passes through earth's ionosphere and whether the object is natural—such as a meteor—or artificial. A half dozen other radar fences must be crossed by any skyborne object passing over the North American continent in a north-south direction, and east-west passages must pass over yet another fence. These instruments have been refined to an incredibly sharp-seeing state; they can register the movement in the air of a single bee; they can detect the sea-breeze as it moves onto the land; birds riding thermal currents in the air appear in these radar-scopes as undulations (see photo, right, below), capable of reflecting light in curious designs.

The supersonic speeds at which UFOs are said to travel would generate sonic booms if they were attained by earthly aircraft. Why do the UFOs produce no booms?

The dizzying turns that UFOs are said to execute defy the force of earthly gravity. Terrestrial aircraft could not survive comparable maneuvers. Is there some way to cancel the pull of gravity? Earthmen have been hunting one for a long time, with no success.

Because of these fundamental theoretical barriers to undetected invasion of the earth by space vehicles, conservative physical scientists shy from involvement in the UFO hunt. That is why the Science and Astronautics Committee of the Congress has never been willing to hold public hearings on the question. It is why the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has held aloof. It is why the National Academy of Sciences has declined suggestions to appoint an investigative panel.

It could be argued that there is little or no scientific justification for continued dignification of UFOs. But the question has extended itself well beyond the range of pure science. The credibility of the Air Force is deeply involved, and the only way to clear the air is to employ whatever science may be employed legitimately. The recommendations of the Scientific Advisory Board *ad hoc* committee, headed by Dr. Brian O'Brien, a consulting physicist from Connecticut, have already initiated this process. Beginning last April, when Air Force Secretary Harold Brown relayed the committee proposals to the House Armed Services Committee, UFO reports received at the 152 air bases of the country began filtering through research and development headquarters of the Air Force on their way to Major Hector Quintanilla, who heads the Blue Book Project at Wright-Patterson and is responsible for checking out all UFO stories. The research and development men immediately spotted a weakness that had nothing to do with science: The bases did their preliminary checking through individuals assigned by the base commanders, with no regard for the particular needs of UFO identification. Consequently, minimum criteria are now being worked up to govern choice of the local checkers, and an effort is being made to standardize the data called for in the checking. The whole operation has been lifted out of intelligence and put into research and development. Regulations governing the operation are being re-written accordingly.

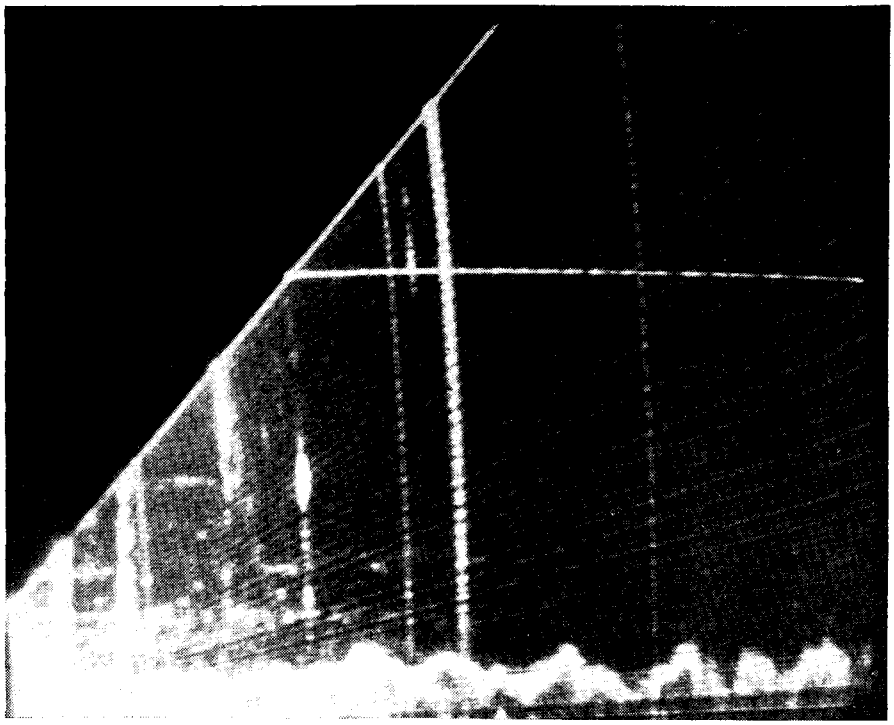
Although the Blue Book operation is being continued as before, under Major Quintanilla's direction, a parallel system for screening UFOs is being organized on an independent footing, through half a dozen universities. To remove suspicion of Air Force censorship, one "lead" university is being sought to choose five cooperating schools across the country. Up to now, no university that has been approached has been willing to accept the "lead" job. But the Air Force remains hopeful of getting the system rolling by September, with a working budget of $300,000 for an eighteen-month UFO study. At the end of that period, the Air Force expects to have enough clear data to decide whether a routine search for UFOs is worthwhile.

Those who suspect that some UFOs are fast-moving vehicles but do not originate outside earth's atmosphere are eager to see how the Air Force will handle one aspect of UFO investigation. Will the public be told the truth in those cases where sighted phenomena actually are advanced experimental craft operated by the Air Force itself? I discovered one instance in which the U.S. Navy destroyer *Gyatt*, deployed in the Caribbean, picked up an aerial object late in 1964. The radar clocked the object at an apparent speed of 3,800 knots. The object later was identified as a new aerial fighter, traveling at 1,700 miles per hour.

One scientific bonus that may emerge from the Air Force shift in tactics *vis-à-vis* UFOs is better understanding of atmospheric anomalies involved in clear air turbulence.

One scientific concern should be to avoid the ballooning of costs of a long-range UFO hunt at the taxpayers expense, as happened with the Mohole Project. The Mohole was started by a handful of independent enthusiasts, responsible to no one. Those who are loudest in demanding extensive surveillance of the sky in fear of UFOs now belong in the same category.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



—*U.S. Air Force—NASA.*

One military flier lost his life high in earth's atmosphere while chasing the planet Venus in the belief that Venus was a UFO. Does light reflected from birds (seen as undulations in radar picture above) create similar illusions?

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THE SAUCERIAN CULT

An Astronomer's Interpretation

By CARL SAGAN

THE possibility of life beyond the earth evokes today strong and partisan emotions. There are some who want very much to believe that extraterrestrial life—particularly the intelligent variety—is common throughout the universe; and there are those who are committed to the view that extraterrestrial life is impossible, or so rare as to have neither practical nor philosophical interest. It seems to me appropriate that more than passing attention be paid to such psychological predispositions.

One spring some years ago, the department of astronomy received a telephone call from the local District Attorney's office. There was in progress the criminal trial of a gentleman whom I shall call Helmut Winckler, a Nebraskan who claimed to have had personal contacts with inhabitants of the planet Saturn. The state desired an expert witness. With wry comments and professional asides, the message was conveyed to me. I agreed to serve as a surprise witness for the prosecution and was presented with a sheaf of publications written by or about the defendant, concerning his extraordinary adventures.

The following is my recollection of the statements made in these publications and subsequently verified by the defendant under oath:

Winckler was a salesman of agricultural implements in Nebraska; he was of German ancestry, but born in the United States. He had few intellectual pretensions, but had at least a grammar school education. Winckler was a trifle chubby, of florid complexion and robust countenance, and wore steel-rimmed glasses. He looked considerably younger than his sixty-odd years, was soft-spoken and polite on the witness stand. His accent was that of the rural Midwest.

Winckler testified that one day while motoring along a back road in Nebraska, he had the remarkable good fortune to overtake a parked flying saucer. Naturally he stopped, as anyone would. To his surprise, he observed, emerging from the saucer, several men and women of entirely human appearance, dressed in flowing robes and speaking mellifluously. The language which they were speaking so mellifluously was Hochdeutsch. Coincidentally, Winckler understood Hochdeutsch. The saucerians were delighted. Winckler was delighted.

The saucerians explained that they were from the planet Saturn, and had, for reasons of their own, selected Winckler as an "intermediary." They were to impart to him information of great value for the inhabitants of the planet earth. It seems that the international political situation on earth had reached serious proportions, a fact which concerned the Saturnians, an old, wise, and sympathetic race. They were here to save us from ourselves. Winckler never revealed why *he* had been selected. It appears that it was not because he knew Hochdeutsch. The Saturnians speak all human tongues.

Winckler accompanied the Saturnians into their saucer. His publications contain diagrams of the interior of the saucers, replete with esoteric and unintelligible descriptions of their method of propulsion. The interiors resemble those of the 1958 Buick.

The group then departed for the Arctic Circle, taking Winckler with them. On a subsequent saucer foray which Winckler made with the Saturnians, he was taken beneath Bering Strait to inspect the Soviet Union's suboceanic missile emplacements. You may not have heard of these, but according to Winckler the government of the United States knows all about them.

In another of Winckler's flights, this time over the North Pole, the Saturnians were heard to remark that only a few months ago the axis of the earth was tilting a dangerous six degrees. Winckler paled, but the Saturnians assured him that they had repaired the misalignment in short order.

When the court recessed, I queried Winckler about this delinquent behavior of the earth's axis of rotation. I explained that even a very much smaller tilt would have been discovered immediately by astronomers who, each night, point their telescopes by assuming that they know precisely where the celestial poles are. Winckler's response was that he could hardly be held responsible for statements made by inhabitants of the planet Saturn. He was merely relaying information. But he left the distinct impression that the Saturnians knew quite a bit more about the subject than do bystanders in courtrooms.

On another expedition, the Saturnians took Winckler to that Mecca of the occult, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt. They mingled with a group of tourists being guided *through* the interior of the pyramid. (I have a vivid mental image of this procession: Egyptian guide, two middle-aged ladies from Dubuque, some assorted French and German tourists, six Saturnians in flowing robes, and, bringing up the rear, Helmut Winckler in levis.) At a certain intersection of pathways, the tourists went in one direction, and Winckler and the Saturnians in the other. They were confronted with a blank wall. Appropriate pressures were applied to appropriate bricks, and the wall slid open, revealing a chamber within. The party entered, and the stone door slid silently shut behind them. In the room were 1) a small, one-man flying saucer, quite dusty with age; 2) a large and equally ancient wooden cross perhaps ten feet high; and 3) a toroid of thorns about eight inches in diameter. The Saturnians offhandedly explained that one of their number had attempted a mission to earth some two thousand years ago. He had met with qualified success.

IN extracting these marvels from Winckler, the Assistant District Attorney first displayed shock, then disbelief, and finally, righteous indignation. He shook his head and peered upwards—awaiting the thunderbolt which doubtless would terminate the proceedings. The courtroom was hushed. The jury was awed. Winckler was cool. From the tone of his voice, he might have been describing a reaper sale in Lincoln.

One of the principal pastimes of the Saturnians, while cavorting about the earth, was their remote geological survey. They possessed instruments capable of determining, from quite remarkable altitudes, the location and distribution of mineral-bearing ores. They discovered untapped veins of gold, pristine platinum-bearing rocks, and uranium ores unknown to man. The locations of these finds were carefully kept from Winckler. One day, however, the Saturnians pointed out to Winckler the existence of a quartz mine—while flying over southern California. You may think that quartz is rather uninteresting, compared with gold, platinum, and uranium. But this was a rather special kind of quartz. It cured cancer.

Soon after landing, Winckler was selling quartz stock. I have the distinct impression that he sold half-interests in the mine—several dozen half-interests. Add-

The adjacent text is excerpted from the Holden-Day book, *Intelligent Life in the Universe.*

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ing to his subsequent embarrassment was the fact that the mine was already owned by another gentleman and was actively producing quartz. It also transpired that by a perfectly remarkable coincidence, Winckler had visited this very mine several years earlier.

But none of these activities directly precipitated Winckler's indictment. His difficulties are traceable to his promotion of the healing properties of quartz among elderly and wealthy widows. Many ladies had lent him sizable sums to advance his venture. In the last months before his arrest, it was his practice to speak before large gatherings of flying saucer enthusiasts—some but by no means all of whom were also elderly, wealthy widows. They paid his transportation and living expenses, invited him to their homes, and accorded him the customary respect due prophets of new religions. The complaint leading to Winckler's arrest arose from a combination of money borrowed and not repaid, affection promised and not delivered. . . .

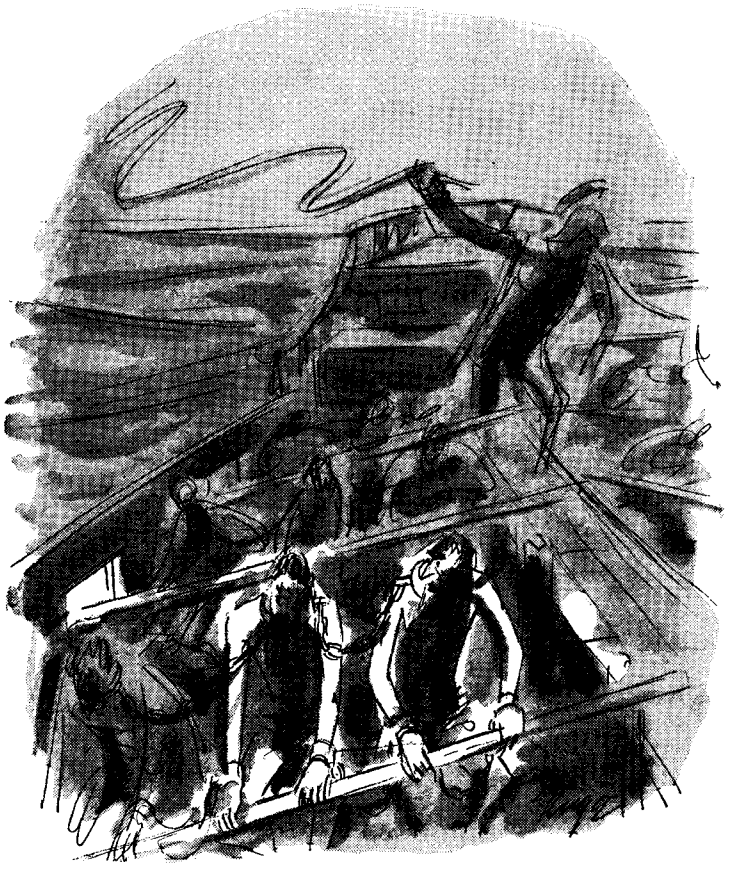
Winckler was subsequently found guilty of fraud and sentenced to prison, despite the admirable efforts of his attorney. In my discussions with Winckler during recesses, I was unable to decide to what extent his escapades with the Saturnians were a conscious fraud, and to what extent he genuinely believed his account. But it was clear that many others found Winckler's adventures in ringing consonance with what they believed —or would like to believe.

Winckler's experience underlines the existence of an unfulfilled need in contemporary society. Almost any other of the many accounts of alleged contacts of human beings with the crews of flying saucers—accounts which regale the flying saucer societies—follow the same pattern and stress the same points. The extraterrestrials are human, with few even minor physical differences from local cosmetic standards. (I know of no case of Negro saucerians, or Oriental saucerians, reported in the United States; but there are very few flying saucer contact reports made in this country by Negroes or by Orientals.) The saucerians are wise and gentle and loving, concerned for our safety during this epoch of continuing international tensions, yet for some reason unwilling to intervene in force. They have long ago solved international disputes on their home planets. They have great gifts in the humanities—this is, of course, still an appropriate subject for them—but also immense technical abilities. In short, the saucerians are all-powerful, all-knowing, and concerned with the plight of mankind as a parent would be for his children. Yet they do not direct the course of the major events of the day, presumably on the grounds that mankind must work out its own destiny. I cannot help but conclude that the flying saucer societies represent a thinly disguised religion, and that the saucerians are the deities of the cult.

As science has progressed during the last few centuries, areas which were originally the exclusive province of religion have been increasingly preempted by science. We no longer hold that the earth is stationary, or that it is at the center of the universe; nor that the world was made even approximately on December 14, 4004 B.C.; nor that it was made in seven days; nor that different species had separate creations; nor that the origin of the solar system and the origin of life are forever beyond the ken of man. Rather, the laboratory synthesis of life from materials which were abundant in the early environment of the earth seems no more than a decade off. One result of these encroachments by science has been that there seems less and less for God to do. If he creates some hydrogen at the beginning of the universe, and establishes the physical laws, he can then retire. He is a *roi fainéant*. If God did not directly make life or man, it is hard to believe that he will intervene in our everyday lives, or answer our supplications.

YET the temptation to believe in an omnipotent, omniscient, and loving God is especially great today. The pace of world events is out of the hands of the ordinary individual. We have no assurance that tomorrow will not find the world a radioactive pyre. Our destiny appears to be at the mercy of forces we little understand and only perilously control. If only there existed a god who was concerned with our plight, who would give some assurance of our survival; but who was explicable within the framework of contemporary science. . . . The saucer myths represent a neat compromise between the need to believe in a traditional paternal God and the contemporary pressures to accept the pronouncements of science.

While the saucerian cult is viable and widespread—at least, in the United States—it represents only a small fraction of the total number of saucer enthusiasts. There are large numbers of people who have, in good conscience, observed unknown objects in the skies which they have called "unidentified flying objects"—UFOs—and which they believe to be of intelligent extraterrestrial origin. The diversity of these reports is as striking as the observations themselves. UFOs have been described variously as rapidly moving or hovering; disk-shaped, cigar-shaped, or ball-shaped; moving silently or noisily; with fiery exhaust, with no exhaust whatever; accompanied by flashing lights, or uniformly glowing with a silvery cast. It is



"This should pretty well answer your question as to 'what would a great big empire like Rome want with little old Phoenicia?'"

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immediately clear that all UFOs do not share a common origin. Indeed, the use of a generic term such as "UFOs" or "flying saucers" has served to confuse the issue by implying a common origin.

As detailed by the American astronomer Donald H. Menzel of Harvard College Observatory, confirmed identifications of UFOs have been made with the following: unconventional aircraft; aircraft under uncommon weather conditions; aircraft with unusual external light patterns; meteorological and other high-altitude balloons; artificial earth satellites; flocks of birds; reflections of searchlights or headlights off clouds; reflection of sunlight from shiny surfaces; luminescent organisms, including one case of a firefly lodged between two adjacent panes of glass in an airplane cockpit window; optical mirages and looming; lenticular cloud formations; ball lightning; sundogs; meteors, including the green fireballs; planets, especially Venus; bright stars; and the aurora borealis. Radar detection of unidentified flying objects has also occurred occasionally. Many of these sightings have been explained in terms of radar reflection off temperature inversion layers in the atmosphere, and other sources of radar "angels."

CONSIDERING the difficulty in tracing out the visual and radar sightings—the visual sightings are often made by individuals with little experience in observing the skies—it is remarkable that all but a few per cent of the reported UFOs have been identified as naturally occurring, if sometimes unusual phenomena. It is remarkable that the professional astronomers, who are familiar with the skies and regularly scan them with sophisticated instrumentation, have never, to the best of my knowledge, photographed anything like the classical UFO. For example, in the Harvard Meteor Project, performed in New Mexico during the period 1954-1958, extensive photographic observations were made by Super-Schmidt cameras with a sixty degree field of view. In all a surface area of 7,000 square kilometers was observed to eighty kilometers altitude for a total period of some 3,000 hours. Visual and photographic observations were good down to a magnitude of plus four, close to the faintest object visible with the naked eye. These observations by professional astronomers were made in a locale and period characterized by extensive reports of unidentified flying objects. No unexplained objects were detected, despite the fact that rapidly moving objects were being sought in a study of meteors. Similar negative results have been obtained by large numbers of astronomers, and helps to explain the general skepticism of the astronomical community towards flying saucer reports. There is no way to exclude the very occasional presence of unidentified objects in our skies, but the run-of-the-mill flying saucer observations (made in the United States on the average of about once a day) are certainly common astronomical objects and atmospheric phenomena—and perhaps some not so common – which have been misinterpreted by the observer.

Repeated sightings of UFOs, and the persistence of the United States Air Force and members of the responsible scientific community in explaining the sightings away have suggested to some that a conspiracy exists to conceal from the public the true nature of the UFOs. But precisely because people desire so intensely that unidentified flying objects be of benign, intelligent, and extraterrestrial origin, honesty requires that in evaluating the observations, we accept only the most rigorous logic and the most convincing evidence.

THERE is also the opposite danger. Public interest in flying saucers, contact reports, and extraterrestrial life in general has proved a frequent source of embarrassment to many scientists, whose statements tend to be distorted, exaggerated, and otherwise perturbed by the bright light of popular concern. There is then a tendency to reject out of hand the possibility of extraterrestrial intelligence as baseless, improbable, or unscientific. There are also covert Ptolemaicists who find the prospects of extraterrestrial intelligence threatening. Finding life beyond the earth—particularly intelligent life – wrenches at our secret hope that man is the pinnacle of creation, a contention which no other species on our planet can now challenge. Even simple forms of extraterrestrial life may have abilities and adaptations denied to us. The discovery of life on some other world will, among many things, be for us a humbling experience.

The question of extraterrestrial life—and even more so, the question of extraterrestrial intelligence – is then many things to many men. In assessing evidence for extraterrestrial life, and in evaluating statistical estimates of the likelihood of extraterrestrial intelligence, we may be at the mercy of our prejudices. At the present time, there is no unambiguous evidence for even simple varieties of extraterrestrial life, although the situation may change in the coming years.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Medical Ethics (continued)

THERE HAS BEEN for many years a grave concern for the ethical issue of protection from harm by clinical procedures applied in the name of medical science *[SR,* July 2]. The influence has been mainly restrictive and essentially negative in providing protection for the unknowing: protection from unwilling or forced participation.

Let us explore the obverse side of the ethics issue.

The gift of person for medical experimentation is filled with dignity and hope. In the eyes of the donor, the opportunity to participate may provide for a great gift to mankind and is given to the researcher in positive trust that it will be used wisely and for the benefit of other men. The donor expects not only that the experiment be worthwhile in topic but that it be a *scientific* experiment if such is implied. The donor trusts that the scientific utilization will be effective and efficient.

Now, to be called "scientific" in this era, the experiment must be of scientific quality in more than the classic sense of a manifest concern for the objectivity and precision of the method of experimentation. For many realms of medical inquiry, there is in this modern day the ability to *design* experiments: to establish beforehand the importance of being wrong, to anticipate the inherent sources of variation in the experiment, and to know how many observations may be required. Without these elements of experimental method, the gift so hopefully given may be spent on shaky results. (On the other hand, vastly too many observations may be made, so that the loss of value might come in delivering an unwarranted precision.)

The modern medical institution brings together a variety of abilities for the design of experiments, the collection of data, and for the analysis and reporting of results. Every university investigator implies that these resources will be used, when he identifies himself and requests the cooperation of a patient; if he has not used them, and if he is not personally responsible for an efficient design of experiment and a modern analytic technique, then his assurance (or implication) of scientific merit is debatable.

In the name of the institution, then, there are real and implied guarantees to the donor that his contribution would be used to its full value and not squandered through fault or obsolescence in the design of research. The full guarantee of modern scientific treatment of proffered human information is indeed an element of medical ethic (and perhaps an element of a broader academic ethic). Further, the guarantee can come not from one man, or one department, but only from an institution.

ROBERT LEWIS,
Professor of Biostatistics,
School of Medicine,
Tulane University.
New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There will be more letters on medical ethics in next month's Science and Humanity Supplement. Meanwhile, SR's science editor wishes to reiterate something that was said last month: Dr. Henry Beecher's report on experimental abuses was reproduced from "The New England Journal of Medicine."*

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MAINE PENINSULA. House and sailboat. Sleeps eight. Completely furnished. Swimming, tennis, golf. Frenchman's Bay. September or part. Kennedy, Sorrento, Maine 04677.

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

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LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Jewel box 52 room inn and motor lodge overlooking the sea. Private ocean beach, orchestra Saturday nights, superb food. E.P. $14-$18 Double. Write for Brochure S.

(Continued on page 56)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 55)

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

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VACATIONS

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1687

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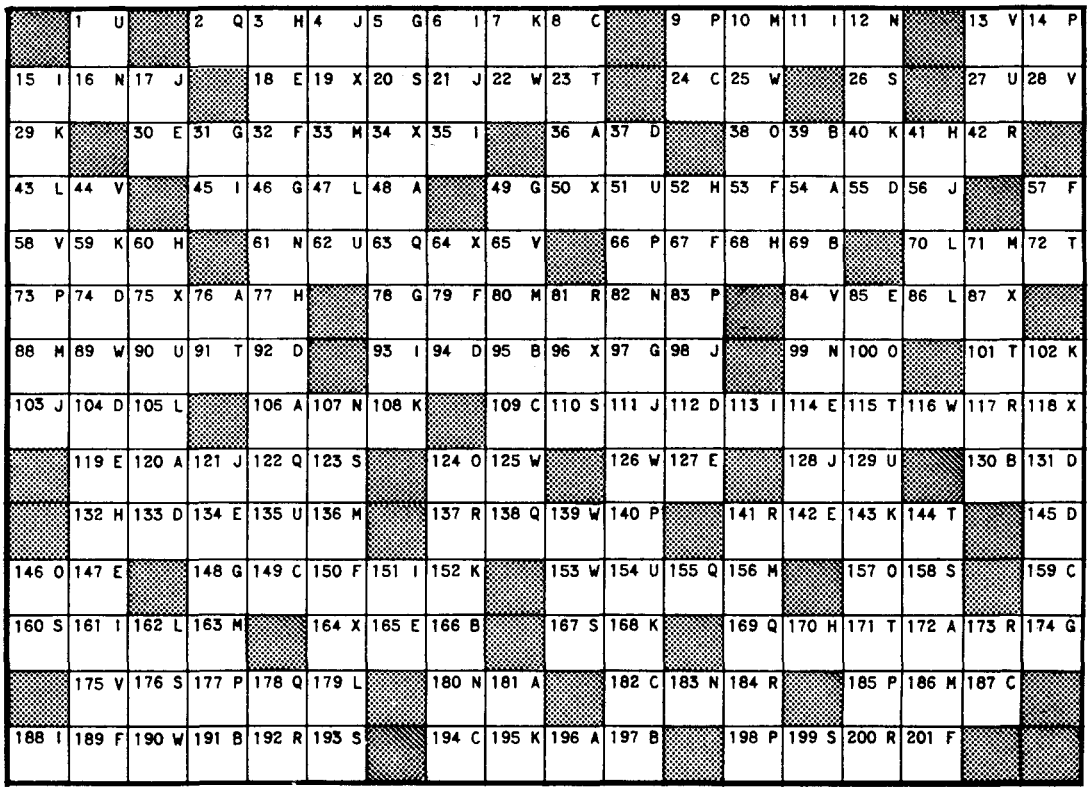
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Following *von*, real surname of great Swiss-German alchemist-physician of early 16th cent.	54 181 36 76 172 106 48 120 196
B. Genus of desert shrubs called joint firs.	197 191 130 69 166 95 39
C. Entrance to cemetery (2 wds.).	149 8 194 159 109 182 24 187
D. Each second or alternate (2 wds.).	37 104 131 112 92 133 145 94 55 74
E. Yellow lady's-slippers.	165 30 119 142 147 85 114 134 18 127
F. Highwayman hero of *The Beggar's Opera*.	201 150 53 57 189 67 32 79
G. One of two familiar coordinates in Geometry.	97 148 49 5 31 78 174 46
H. Possessing pincerlike claws.	68 170 52 132 3 41 60 77
I. Abstract noun meaning consequence (esp. *great, small, any, no*, etc., adds WNI).	113 45 188 6 35 93 161 15 151 11
J. Study of senile stages of an organism.	21 111 56 98 128 4 103 121 17
K. At no time experienced or understood (familiar emp., not specifically listed).	29 143 59 168 102 152 40 195 108 7
L. Made do with little (2 wds.).	179 47 105 162 86 70 43
M. Emporiums specializing in certain garments.	136 186 80 88 163 33 10 71 156

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Followed by "and say we did!", the 2 wds. introducing the old proposition by one cautious child to another.	180 107 16 82 183 61 99 12
O. Two wds. introducing one of Irving Berlin's most famous World War I songs.	100 124 146 157 38
P. Describing a piece of poultry roasted without dressing.	14 140 83 185 73 66 198 177 9
Q. Contract (for marriage) to another (used esp. of a woman).	2 63 169 178 138 155 122
R. Paraphrase of how Robin Adair's sweetheart described the appearance of her town during his absence (2 wds.).	184 200 141 173 42 137 81 117 192
S. Each of two equal parts (2 wds.).	160 20 123 167 193 199 176 26 110 158
T. Bursts out (of).	171 144 91 115 101 72 23
U. Convey; refashion; in slang, pay too much attention to a child or a VIP (2 wds.).	27 1 135 51 154 62 90 129
V. Far wrong; distant (2 wds.).	58 175 28 65 44 13 84
W. Equivalent to *mesdames* among our earliest Colonials.	22 25 190 153 139 126 89 125 116
X. Perfect adaptation of a species to its environment.	34 50 19 164 64 87 96 75 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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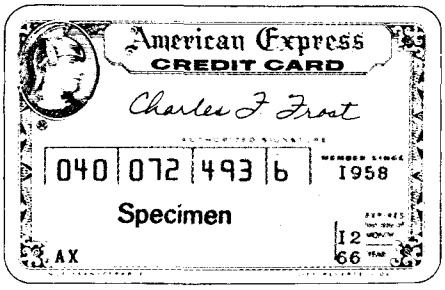

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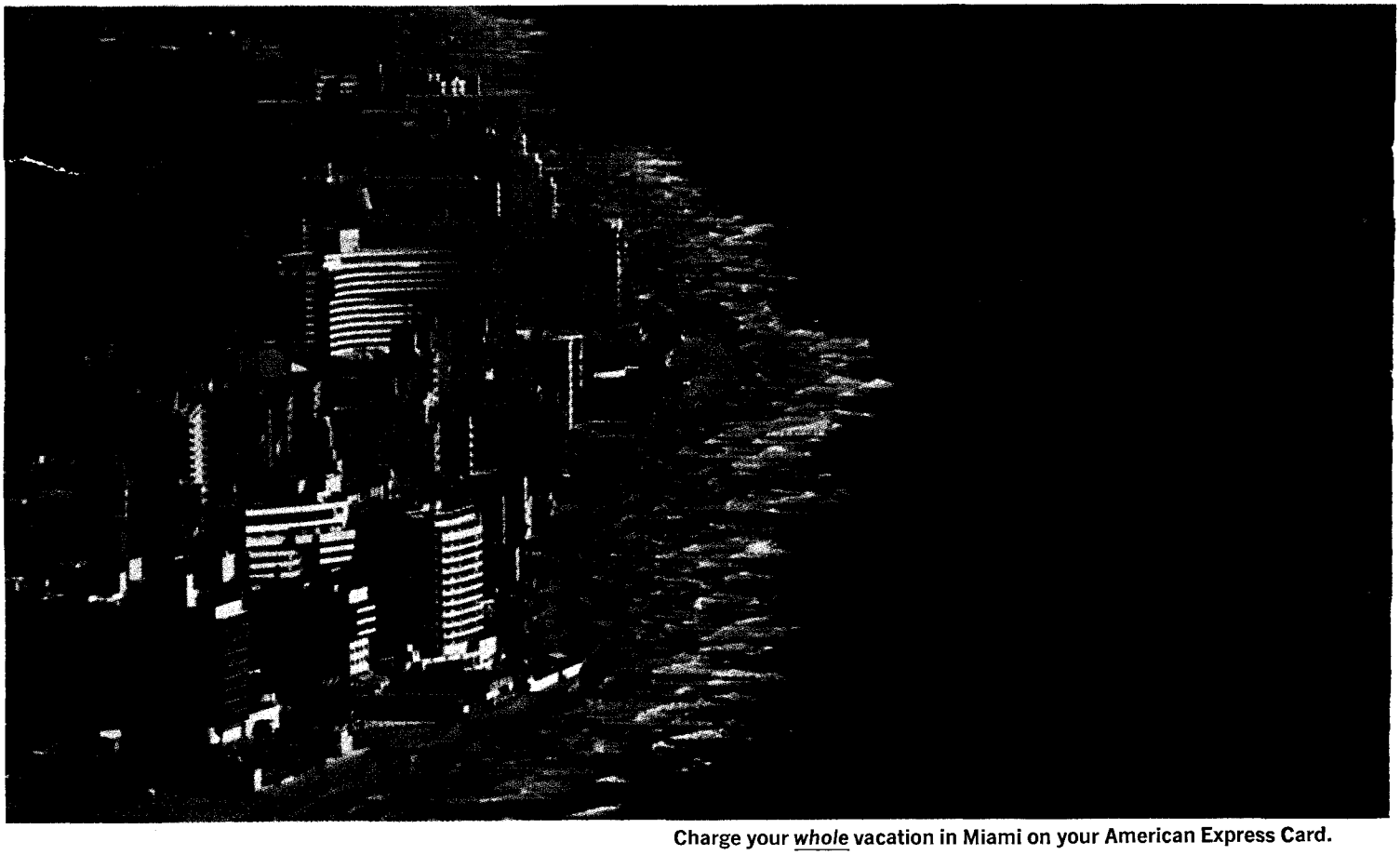

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